Rev Chas E Hall Jan99

Zion's Herald

Wednesday, August 10, 1898

Booker T. Washington

The Tonic of Heroism

IN the early days of the war, before a victory had been won, a retired officer, who knew the condition of the navy, was asked who, in his judgment, would be the heroes of the struggle. "The men who have the opportunities," was the prompt and significant reply. So far that judgment has been justified; not a man has flinched or failed; whenever a thing was to be done, however dangerous and difficult, a man has stood ready to do it on the instant, and with notable efficiency. Again and again the heart of the nation has thrilled in quick recognition of a gallant service gallantly rendered. Again and again, in the naval service especially, there has been that swift response to a sudden emergency which has brought into clear light soundness of character and thoroughness of training. The moral effect of these repeated disclosures of a splendid readiness not only to dare, but to do, has been deep and lasting.

Looking back on the past few years of confusion and uncertainty, it is easy to understand the feeling of discouragement which had become widely shared by many of the most thoughtful men in the country. The demoralization of political life through the dominance of "bosses" and machines; the sweeping victory of Tammany at the recent election in Greater New York; the widening breach between some parts of the West and the East; the lack of strong leadership on the perplexing questions before the country, had combined to produce a widespread depression. The most courageous found the outlook uncertain, the critical and timid were filled with forebodings. There was substantial reason for discouragement; and the business of the country, which is always sensitive to public feeling, showed the existence of a widespread and persistent distrust. Like a bracing wind on a sultry and lifeless day has come the disclosure of the resolute and daring efficiency of the men in the field and on the high seas. The nation has suddenly recovered faith in itself, because it has discovered that the evils of the past few years, serious as they have been, have not touched the fibre of American character. The heart of the country is still sound; it is capable of great heroisms; it is full of the highest possibilities of achievement. The men who have so nobly illustrated the best traits of the race which is the dominant power on this continent have rendered a service to the country at home which is perhaps even more important than that which has been rendered to the country abroad. They have given us hope, heart and courage; they have rekindled a fire which was beginning to sink. — *Churchman.*

Intervention Justified

INTERVENTION by the United States in Cuba was long ago known to be justified. The testimony of Senator Proctor was convincing to that effect. So was that of the United States consuls. So were the boasts and admissions of Weyler the Butcher. So was the proof that the "Maine" was maliciously destroyed through Spanish treachery. There has from the outset been no doubt in any judicious and impartial mind that the United States was fully justified in intervening, or that any other nation in our place would have intervened far sooner than we do.

But now, in the very act of intervention, additional vindication of its justice comes to hand in indubitable proof of the tyranny and iniquity of the Spanish administration in Cuba. A military commission has been investigating the condition of the prison of Santiago, and the records of the prisoners confined there. It is within bounds to say that it has disclosed such a state of affairs as has not been known in any land professing civilization since Gladstone exposed the horrors of Bomba's dungeons, some half a century ago. The plain statements of the commission's findings sound like stories of the Bastile. Men and women were indiscriminately herded together in the same cells. Some merely suspected of petty misdemeanors were kept there for years awaiting trial. The records of charges against some had long been lost, and the jailers had forgotten why they were imprisoned, yet they were kept there year after year. One, accused of bigamy, had been in prison since 1892, untried. Another, convicted of a petty theft for which six months was the extreme legal penalty, was arbitrarily sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. Some were found whose terms had long ago expired, but who were kept in prison just because the officers were unwilling or too negligent to look up the date and set them free.

In such manner has justice been administered in Cuba. If such was the case in Santiago, what more hideous horrors have not prevailed in Havana itself? If such has been the administration of civil justice by the courts, of what arbitrary despotism have not the military authorities been guilty, and in what orgies of dishonesty and crime have other departments of government not indulged? Truly the cup of Spanish iniquity was filled to overflowing, and it was high time for it to be turned, with strong and inexorable hand, from the lips of a shocked and nauseated world to the lips of Spain herself. — *New York Tribune.*

Help is wanted when the nerves become weak and appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives help by making the blood rich and pure.

Most people appreciate a good thing at a fair price, but some few will only have the things that cost the most money.

The Ivory is the favorite soap of most people. Some few want the high-priced toilet soaps and think they must be better because they cost more. No soap is more carefully made, or is made of better materials, than Ivory Soap.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright, 1898, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

The Saratoga Limited via the Fitchburg Railroad leaves Boston at 9.30 a. m. Through Parlor Cars.

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVI | Boston, Wednesday, August 10, 1898 | Number 32

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor
A. S. WEED, Publisher
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
Price, $2.50 a year, including postage
36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Hawaiian Commissioners

Congress provided for five commissioners to examine the political, physical and financial conditions of Hawaii, and report upon the best form of goverment for these new possessions of ours. The President promptly appointed Senator Cullom of Illinois, Senator Morgan of Alabama, Representative Hitt of Illinois, President Dole, and Judge Freer of the Hawaiian Supreme Court. The American commissioners sail from San Francisco today in the steamer Mariposa. They are accompanied by Superintendent Pritchett of the Coast Survey, who goes out to extend the work of our Coast Survey system, and by the official stenographers and clerks. The inquiries will be of the most general kind in order to determine what form of government to recommend, for that is the principal work assigned the commission. The navigation and customs laws, the disposition to be made of imported labor, and other interests relating to the welfare of the islands, will be carefully investigated because of their close connection with the problems of government. It will require quite an extended stay, and the commissioners will probably be absent two or three months.

A Change of Rulers in China

The Dowager Empress Tuen is sixty years old; her son, the Emperor, is twenty-seven. She ruled as regent during her son's minority, but promptly delivered to him the reins of government a few years ago. His colorless cowardice and his manifest inefficiency have roused this brave woman to set him aside and assume the sovereignty herself. This she may legally do under the Chinese law, but that she should really take such a step has occasioned considerable surprise. This change of rulers is of far-reaching importance. In sagacity, wisdom, political shrewdness and experience, Tuen is fitly compared with Catharine of Russia. She brings Li Hung Chang, one of the greatest statesmen of this century, back to power again. Russia, England, Germany and France will find the partition of China much more difficult under the influence and power of this sagacious Empress and her thoroughly able prime minister. They are warm friends, and the Empress has implicit confidence in him. Tuen has had a most romantic history and a most remarkable career. She was once a slave; but even in China, though she was doubly hampered in being not only a slave but a woman, she induced her master, a viceroy, to allow her to learn to read. Then her master's daughter died, and Tuen was adopted by him. She was provided with the best of teachers, and subsequently sent to Pekin, where she became the favorite wife of the Emperor. When the empress consort died, Tuen became Empress. She has been for a generation the ruling spirit of the empire, and her coming to power at this time is fraught with great consequences to the whole world.

Further Progress in Japan

For thirty years Japan has been making rapid progress without any serious retrograde movement. She has now outgrown consular jurisdiction and claims full sovereignty over her lands. Heretofore the foreign consular service has had a great deal to do with the administration of law and justice, but the Japanese long since learned that they had no such powers in other enlightened nations, and they set about to perfect a code of laws whose administration would have little need of foreign consular aid. A penal code was prepared in 1880, and this was supplemented by a code of penal procedure. Ever since that time Japan has been at work formulating and perfecting laws, and training and qualifying members of the bar. On the 1st of July, due notification to the foreign powers having been given, she put in operation a commercial code of laws, and on the 16th a civil code. She now has a legal system of her own, and for the first time sets out to govern herself. Her codes are built up on the eclectic plan and will be fruitful beyond the immediate purpose of their framers. The civil code has had years of study. One able commission was appointed to draft it and another spent several years in perfecting it. The courage and faith of Japan is nowhere more clearly seen than in this fearless attack on the prejudices of a people so long governed by local traditions, and the substitution of western ideas of jurisprudence.

Another Scientific Discovery

The International Chemical Congress is now in session at Vienna, but very few reports from it have found their way to this country. Everything must give place to war news. Dr. Leo Lillienfield of Vienna read a paper last week, the contents of which were so important that they were telegraphed to London and the United States. The doctor claims to have discovered a formula for the production of artificial albumen. Up to this time it has been almost universally believed that albumen could only be produced by organic means, but the claim is that this chemically prepared albumen is absolutely identical with the natural product. The artificial albumen is produced by the condensation of phenol and amydoacetic acid with phosphoro-chloric oxide. The product is called pepton. It is maintained that meat and other organic albuminous products will be superseded by pepton and its compounds, so that the cost of living will be very much less than it is now. Further particulars will be awaited with interest, but in the meantime it is not wise to put too much dependence in discoveries of this kind. Somehow the cost of living more than keeps pace with all the plans for cheapening it.

The Pekin Syndicate

The Chinese Government has recently granted a most valuable concession to an English company, called the Pekin Syndicate. This concession covers all the petroleum rights in the province of Shan-si, embracing about 50,000 square miles; and all the coal and iron rights over 21,000 square miles, included in the first named. This is said to be the centre of the largest known coal fields in the world. Labor is so cheap that coal is delivered at the surface for twenty cents a ton, while transportation is so expensive that the same coal sells for $6 a ton only twenty-five miles away. It is only 240 miles from the coal fields to Siang-yang, a port on a branch of the Yang-tsze-kiang, and on the trade route to Pekin and Tien-tsin. To secure this concession negotiations were carried on for a year, and six months more were consumed in obtaining the ratification of the Tsung-li-Yamin, without which no concession in China has any value. The province of Shan-si will now be closely joined with the valley of the Yang-tsze-kiang where the English have for a long time had a controlling interest; and this, with the Canton district, will insure Great Britain's full share of all that China has to give to foreign nations.

Australia's Latest Suggestion

We have learned how to vote from this youngest of the nations. Mr. Gladstone said of her Torrens act for the simplification of titles, that if he were twenty years younger he would spend the remainder of his life in introducing it into England. Several of the States have adopted it, and others are studying it. We were rather disappointed that

the plans for federation miscarried, but the federation is sure to come. Australia moves right along enacting the most novel sort of legislation with the freedom which is possible in a new country where there are no vested interests barring the way of progress. She now proposes to apply the principles of street car traffic to railroads, so that a man who has paid the one fare of twenty-five cents can ride as far as the train goes. She also proposes to enact that a ton of freight shall be carried any distance for $1.25. Practically these propositions are pronounced unsound by men who certainly ought to know, and theoretically correct by people who ought to be able to think. Australia not only has the advantage of owning the railroads, but she owns immense tracts of land in the interior which she leases at very low rentals because of the freight charges for the products. It is clearly shown by careful estimates that what she loses in railway receipts she will more than make up in increased rentals. The proposition is startling, even to that land of surprises in legislation, and it will take some time to educate public sentiment to the point of enacting the necessary laws; but they will doubtless be enacted, and all the world will watch the experiment with interest.

A Penny Post and a Penny Cable

Mr. Henniker Heaton has succeeded in securing penny postage to all parts of the British Empire. It has been costing twopence, half-penny (five cents), to send a letter to any British colony, but now the colonial rate is the same as the domestic. The postage on colonial parcels is to be reduced so that three pounds may be sent for 24 cents, seven pounds for 48 cents, and eleven pounds for 72 cents. Not content with that, Mr. Heaton moves for an imperial cable on the principle of the imperial post. The present cable rate from London to Australia is about $1.25 per word, Mr. Heaton thinks it can be reduced to 12 cents a word; the rate to India is about $1, Mr. Heaton proposes to reduce it to six cents. The idea is to make London the great nerve centre of cable communication for the whole empire. These rates established for a time will make it possible to offer messages to all parts of England's colonies at a penny a word later on. Of course elaborate arguments to prove the impossibility of carrying out his schemes are offered on all sides. Logically they are even more convincing than the arguments by which Rowland Hill was met when he first suggested penny postage; practically they amount to about as much, in the opinion of those who have studied the matter from a broad point of view. It will come in time. It is bound to come. The old English theory of post and passenger traffic would long since have been reinaugurated except for the enormous expense of railroad construction. When England gets all for which she is now striving in the matter of cheap communication, the United States will not be content to pay 48 cents to send three pounds of merchandise from Boston to San Francisco, while England is sending the same weight to Australia for just half that sum.

The Philippine Trade

Last year we imported from the Philippines sugar and hemp, and a few other raw materials, to the value of almost $4,500,000. We sent them in return less than $95,000 worth of goods. England imported one and a half times as much as we did, but she sold them twenty-two times as much merchandise. The trade with Spain from these islands was about $5,000,000 on each side of the ledger. As far as the statistics show, these islands bought goods to the value of $9,174 093; they sold raw material amounting to $19,702,819. With an intelligent administration of affairs, and an utter separation of the revenues of church and state, these islands can easily be made profitable colonies, and their inhabitants transformed into a very different people from what they are now.

Another Poor Man's Waldorf

When Mr. D. O. Mills opened a new hotel in Bleecker Street, last November, with over 1,500 rooms to be let for twenty cents a night, there were various opinions as to the result. The idea that it was possible to give a man a clean room, with a clean bed, a chair and a strip of carpet in it, and ample opportunity for bathing, reading, writing and playing games, and charge him only twenty cents, was startling to New Yorkers. It has been proved to be not only possible, but sufficiently profitable to warrant another hotel on the same plan. Mills Hotel No. 2 was opened last Thursday on the corner of Rivington and Cherry Streets, right in the heart of the Bowery. It is smaller than No. 1, having accommodations for only six hundred guests. The rooms are larger, and the lavatories are more numerous. Two grades of rooms are offered here — one at twenty cents, and one at thirty cents. Everything is first class, and the reading-rooms, smoking rooms and library are most attractive. The scale of prices in the restaurant is such that a man gets a good meal for about the sum he is expected to fee the servant in an ordinary hotel. No fees are allowed in these. It did not take decent men long to discover the difference between other cheap lodging places and Mills Hotel No. 1, and for the last six months there has hardly been a vacant room. They are in no sense charitable undertakings. They are a most noble and praiseworthy example of what it is possible to do for the self-respecting poor. The idea is worthy of a large application in our American cities, and true philanthropy has seldom had a finer opportunity.

Cotton Export Trade

Last year there were produced in the United States 11,000,000 bales of cotton. The acreage this year is less than one-half of one per cent. smaller than that of last year. Should the yield be as large as that of last year, it would reduce the price of cotton so low as to embarrass the Southern farmers, for the mills of the United States cannot use one-half that number of bales. It is in this connection that the possibilities of the Far Eastern market appeal with special force to us. In 1893 Japan bought of us only 793,242 pounds of cotton; she paid us $68,423 for it. In 1897 she bought 32,011,252 pounds, and paid $2,345,016 for it. It is claimed that this year she will buy over 60,000,000 pounds — nearly eight times as much as she bought in 1893. It is to foreign markets that we must look for an opportunity to dispose of our surplus productions, and the markets of Asia offer advantages unequaled by any other markets in the world. In spite of this fact our export trade with Asia and Oceanica for the fiscal year ending June 30 amounted to only $66,815,649. During that time we imported goods from that source to the value of $119 454,257. It is safe to predict that this state of things will not long continue.

A Standard Cotton Bale

The Southern cotton growers have been for some time trying to secure the adoption of a standard size and shape for the cotton bale. The effort has been given a new impulse by the recent action of the Bremen Cotton Exchange in sending an official commendation of the plan, and expressing the hope that it may soon be carried out. The size proposed for the standard bale is 54 x 24 inches. It is also proposed to increase the pressure to forty pounds for each cubic foot, and to use a better quality of canvas for the covering. There is no manner of doubt but that the adoption of these suggestions would result in an increased demand for American cotton abroad. It will be necessary to secure the influence of the New York Cotton Exchange, as well as a majority of the cotton planters, in order to bring this to pass, but those interested in the movement are hopeful of carrying out their plans in the near future.

Poverty in the Midst of Plenty

Italy is crying for peace that she may have bread. Although she has had little use for soldiers or sailors, either for protection or conquest, she has a standing army more than twice that of the United States at the present time, and her navy is almost as large. This with a population less than half the size of ours. There is little to eat after the taxes are paid in most cases; there is absolutely nothing in many cases. One hundred thousand people go mad from hunger in a single year. Thousands and thousands of her people do not know the taste of meat, and other thousands do not know the taste of bread. The government expenses exceed the income, as they have for the most part during the last thirty years. The cry is real, the distress and death are everywhere apparent; but instead of statesmanship her people are offered more militarism. Instead of the helping hand, the Government smites with the iron hand. Italy's prisons are full to running over, not with criminals, but with the victims of a national policy that has no defence and can offer no excuse. Sixty per cent. of her prisoners are workingmen. The late outbreak in Milan, the most prosperous city of the kingdom, taught the Government nothing. It is something to have a standing among the nations of

the earth; it is a matter of distinction to be a member of the Driebund; but even these advantages are too dear when they are purchased at the expense of a starving people. Europe had once to interfere in behalf of the suffering in Italy, and she may have to do it again.

The Money Cost of War

Considering the number of men engaged, the present war is one of the most expensive ever waged. During the last war we had an average of about 850,000 soldiers in service and the average annual expenses were about $678,000,000. Now we have about one-fourth that number enrolled, but it is very doubtful if we could pay the bills for a year with that sum. The increase in transportation expenses is enormous. Everything connected with warfare, except the pay of the men and the food and clothing for them, has increased almost beyond comparison since the close of the last war. Every soldier costs the Government about $1,000 a year. The sailor costs more. Besides the national expenses, several of the States have made large appropriations for their soldiers. New York alone made an appropriation of $1,500,000, and Massachusetts is paying seven dollars out of her treasury every month for every son of hers that is in the field. Then there is the money contributed by generous citizens for the alleviation of suffering and for the comfort of the sick and wounded. The Cubans are already putting in claims for war damages, and the bill for private damages will not be small. As the revenues of the Government were not sufficient for its expenditures in time of peace, we are compelled to borrow money to carry on the war, and by the time the last item of indebtedness is settled we shall have paid out $100,000,000, at least, for interest. Then there will come in the bill for pensions, which will be large, because, while the number killed is small, there has been a very great deal of sickness, and it is sickness that entails infirmities for which liberal pensions must be paid. We have already paid more than two billions of dollars for pensions on account of the last war, and the pension list was never as expensive as it is now, thirty-three years after the close of the conflict. It will probably cost as much to pay the pensions of the war as it is costing to pay all other expenses.

The Increase of Gold

Eight years ago the gold production of the world was $118,848,700. The production for last year was $240,000,000, and it is estimated that in 1898 there will be $275,000,000 added to the supply of gold. Of the increase for 1898 the United States is credited with only $5,000,000. Africa has made the greatest increase in gold production, having increased her output by over $30,000,000 during the last three years. Contrary to general belief, the gold yield of the Klondike is not entitled to any such extravagant figures as are commonly used in connection with that country. The United States treasury officials estimate that $10,000,000 will cover the value of all the gold found there in 1898. There is hope for business prosperity in the production of $275,000,000 in gold in a single year, and there is no danger of an overproduction as long as it remains a money standard common to the civilized world.

Hypnotism in an English Court

A physician in Blackpool, England, was made a residuary legatee by an old lady who had been one of his patients for many years. This carried over to him about $150,000, while her only son received about $30,000. A legal contest followed. It was claimed that the doctor had hypnotized his patient. Now it happens that the doctor is gifted with certain hypnotic powers of which he has many times given proof in the presence of the profession. Indeed, he has advocated hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. Naturally unusual interest was taken in the trial. The doctor testified that although he had tried to hypnotize this particular patient on twenty-two different occasions, he had never once succeeded. A confidential servant of the household testified to the same effect. The judge charged the jury that it had simply to decide whether the doctor and this witness had told the truth or not, and the jury brought in a verdict in his favor. The finding not only relieves the physician of an odious charge, but it is also a serious blow to the claims of hypnotism. That so accomplished a hypnotist should not only confess, but apparently prove, his failure to exercise any hypnotic influence, is certainly remarkable.

The War News of a Week

Spain had a prompt reply to her request to be informed of the terms of peace. The President waives all claim for pecuniary indemnity; he demands that Spain shall relinquish all claims of sovereignty over her possessions in the West Indies; that Porto Rico and the adjacent islands be ceded to the United States in lieu of pecuniary indemnity; and that one of the Ladrone islands be given us for a coaling station. These requests being granted, hostilities shall cease, and commissioners will be named to formulate a treaty of peace. In the meantime the United States will hold the city of Manila, with the waters adjacent, until the treaty shall determine the final disposition and government of the Philippines. The terms are certainly most reasonable, and very much more favorable than Spain had reason to expect. She had too much love for diplomatic correspondence to close with the offer at once. She must needs ask a few needless questions, and suggest a few barren changes in the phraseology, so as to deceive the populace with the idea that she is obtaining concessions. Politics in Spain does not differ from politics elsewhere, but Spain is far too wise to try the patience of the President beyond the safety limit.

The week produced one genuine sensation. It came in the shape of a "round robin" from most of the higher officers of the land forces at Santiago protesting against keeping the troops there any longer. A personal letter to the Secretary of War from Col. Roosevelt was published at the same time, with the Secretary's reply. The whole proceeding was most unmilitary, and it was feared that its publication might cause Spain to reject our terms of peace. It seems to have been justified, if not warranted, by the alarming increase in yellow fever almost at the beginning of the sickly season, and the lamentable failure of the medical department of the Army. Very stringent criticisms have been passed on this department, and both the Surgeon General and the Secretary of War have been justly blamed for the failure to provide proper medical attendance and stores. The transportation of the sick in cattle steamers and crowding sick soldiers beyond the limit permitted to cattle, without medicine, ice, or even potable water, has brought a storm of charge and counter-charge. In the present excited state of feeling justice can hardly be expected. The conditions were exceptional, and there was a desolate lack of experience. It is noted that the Navy escapes all this. And it is rightly and wisely suggested that all ships, whether used as men-of-war, transports or hospital ships, should be under the management of naval officers. This is done in the English service, and certainly she has had experience which quite warrants our following her example.

In the meantime the order has been given for the return of the troops to Montauk Point, Long Island, N. Y., for recuperation. The regiments of immunes will take the duty at Santiago.

Gen. Miles has met with no real resistance in his holiday procession in Porto Rico. The inhabitants have usually adopted the United States without waiting to be asked to surrender. San Juan shows no signs of yielding, and is capable of maintaining a stubborn defence. While it is reported that its commanding officer has orders not to resist, the report is not credited and Miles is evidently taking every precaution against a surprise. It was intended to send Gen. Wade to reinforce Gen. Miles, and the designation of the regiments had been made, but the order has been countermanded. Four New England regiments were included in the detail — the First Maine, First New Hampshire, First Rhode Island and First Connecticut. These regiments are very much disappointed. The whole of the southern part of the island of Porto Rico is practically in our hands, and the government of that part proceeds without interruption, and apparently without friction of any kind.

Manila still continues to be the storm centre, although the storm appears not to have broken out yet. Gen. McArthur should have reached Manila by this time. With his forces added we will have 11,000 men there. Within the next three weeks Gen. Merritt will have about 23,000 men to support his authority on the island. He has asked for 50,000, and that number will doubtless be needed before the pacification of the Philippines is complete. Commodore Watson is expecting to be sent there and he will take the Oregon as his flagship. The work that is being done on the Minneapolis has given rise to the report that she is to be sent to relieve the Olympia, which is said to be in need of repairs. As Spain no longer has any ships afloat that are likely to give us any concern, it will be possible to spare several ships from the North Atlantic fleet should their presence be required.

INCUBATING SOULS

THE current issues of *Scribner's* and *Harper's Bazar* contain two articles widely different, yet each sending keen arrows into a common target.

Scribner's "Point of View" gives a piquant, incisive word on incubators, complaining whimsically that spring chickens are apt in these days to taste of coal-oil: "They must. Chickens, which as eggs have lain for weeks, unconscious of maternal tenderness, in an atmosphere warmed by smoky kerosene lamps, ought to taste of oil and ought to be stringy." However, the *raison d'être* of this profound remark is not to descant on chicken flavors. "Time has its revenges," says the editor; "so has an artificial and unscrupulous expedition. . . . It takes time to get the flavor out of life, time to get the flavor of life into any product. . . . . All about we see the incubator processes in full blast. We see them in art; we see them in literature. Our newspapers are huge incubators that hatch out pictures and printed discourses with marvelous rapidity. . . . . Incubated art won't last. No more will incubated literature. . . . . Let us take time, even though it is inconvenient. A country that tastes of the smoke of the lamp that hatched it, will not do."

The *Bazar's* blow is as keen. "Anne Warrington Witherup" writes each week of a visit to "Celebrities at Home." Andrew Lang is her latest victim. He is not at home when Miss Witherup calls, but the "grind" goes right on. Miss Philippa Phipp-Phipps escorts the interviewer from room to room of the great establishment known as the "Andrew Lang Manuscript Manufacturing Company." Here are "3,750 people with a capacity of 10,000 words a day each," who are all breathlessly bending to the task of sending out Lang ideas. Lang, however, is away — fishing!

Each humorous bit hits hard. Father Time has dropped his scythe, lost his ancient hour-glass, gathered up his mantle and hitched his wagon to a lightning flash. In our endeavor to follow, our foreheads are contracted, our eyes narrowed, every nerve tense. We write in shorthand and talk in initials. We take the R. V. of the New Testament, and turn to the text of the sermon preached by a D. D. in the interests of the W. F. M. S.

Into every phase of life the hurry has dashed. We no longer plant seeds in our gardens and watch their beautiful growth. Forcelings from the hothouse take their place. Our clothes are ready-made. We dine off canned stuffs — "so little time and trouble, you know!" Life itself is crowded into shortening spaces. The child is a woman without tasting the rare sweetness of girlhood. Women who shriek at the thought of the first gray hair, are grandmothers. Our boys run from school to ship and saddle and sword. Our little children are earning bread in tears. The incubators are a success, but the flavor is bad.

Hurry, on the spiritual side of life, has the most serious results. Perhaps it does not matter so very much that we do not take time to grow physically, to live in the lovely leisure of half a century ago. It matters tremendously that we cannot "take time to be holy." The little phrase pulsates with vitality. Holiness — wholeness — fullness of development — roundedness — depth — breadth — height. When a man — or woman — works eighteen hours a day and "*must* eat and sleep," what chance has God to round out and make whole that life? *Time* to be holy! Time to know God. Time to learn Jesus Christ. Time to be led by the Holy Spirit. Time to ponder on living issues, to "think on these things." Time for legitimate introspection. Time to reach out into the mighty vastness of the truth.

Our church is in a hurry. The ancient mourners' bench has been hurried and hustled away. Alert young men and women "pass around the cards," and if a sinner's soul is bursting with honest conviction, breaking down under a load of unforgiven sin — if all heaven's host is waiting until that soul be born again — "Just put your name on the card — this is perfectly confidential." Then the audience sings the doxology and goes home.

The blessed old class-meeting could not keep step in the race and has been left in the rear. In prayer-meeting we are harried and hurried. "Just a *few* words of Scripture." "Sentence prayers, please!" "Brief testimonies — let fifty speak in five minutes." "Let every moment be occupied — what if several *do* speak at once?" "Omit the second, third and last stanzas." "Sing faster, please!"

Once on a time — the childish phrase comes naturally, for that sweet past is like a fairy tale — there was a church that took time. The pastor understood the value of *thought*. Minutes spent in holy silence in God's house were never counted as "lost" or "wasted," and out of those golden silences came many a precious bit of heart history. Testimony was not shorn of individuality. Whole chapters of the Word were fed upon. Men and women talked earnestly with God. The old hymns were sung, as written, in their wholeness and stateliness as becomes melody rendered unto God.

Oh, for time to breathe deeply the still, sweet air of a spiritual atmosphere not surcharged with the electricity of irreverent haste! Let souls grow. They are not chickens to be incubated into life and turned loose, motherless, to scratch.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CONFLICTS OF METHODISM*

A MOST interesting book, throwing light on a formative period of Methodist history and on men and motives, causes and effects, most influential in shaping the character of British Wesleyanism, is "Side Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism." Fortunately the work is of unquestionable reliability. The "Notes of the Debates in the Wesleyan Conference," which are the basis of the record, are by Rev. Joseph Fowler, by testimony of all parties a man of distinguished ability and integrity and singularly free from all suspicion of partisanship. Even Dr. Bunting, to whose policy Mr. Fowler often stood in independent opposition, expressed "great confidence" in his reports. Dr. Gregory, the editor — who is more than editor of another's notes — manifests a transparent honesty in his work, a freedom from partisan prejudice, and a fairness toward those whom he criticises, according honest motives where he cannot approve, such as to inspire confidence in his readers. Altogether the "Side Lights" are indispensable to a correct understanding of the history involved.

The period from 1827 to 1852, if not formative in the same sense as that having its crisis in 1797, was yet transitional, involving fermentation, reconstruction, and consolidation. It covered three secessions and the loss of 100,000 members, as well as of some of the ablest ministers of the connection. As may well be believed, the numerical loss of membership comprised but a part of the real weakening of the church and the hindrance to the work. Looking back over the period in the light of later history, it seems strange that good men — and they were good men on both sides, as each acknowledged — should have so obstinately blundered in their doings and been so strangely persistent in non-essentials, even to the extent of preventing the success they so earnestly sought. By the aid of the "Side Lights" it is easily seen that personal elements had much to do with the persistence of the conflict and the impossibility of compromise and conciliation.

But it must not be supposed that the personal were the only or even the chief influences, though they often largely shaped the course of action at important points. Great fundamental questions were involved — questions of church polity and of organic structure. The inevitable transformation of Wesley's societies, which had begun in the lifetime of their founder, was to be completed in an independent church. The Conference was to become a body of clergymen. They began as lay preachers under Wesley. They had been called together by him for conference till "Conference" had become the recognized and now legal title of their assembly. But in these meetings Wesley was leader, president, teacher, dictator. Inviting the utmost freedom of brotherly discussion, the final decision was with him. Free to withdraw at any time, every member while he remained must obey the rules laid down by the master. Much of this authority and subordination Wesley had transmitted to the Conference and its ministers. Gradually undergoing transformation, it still retained the Wesleyan type and habit.

One of these was the private sessions of the Conference — a continuation of the custom established at the first, when they met as a company of Christian workers. The privacy of the Conference and the closeness of the fraternal relations gave a freedom and blunt personality of criticism which could not be tolerated in a public assembly. Nothing else could account for or excuse the otherwise impertinent and inquisitorial investigations, the censures and penances

* SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CONFLICTS OF METHODISM. By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. Cassell & Co., Limited: London and New York. Price, $1.

— for they were hardly less — inflicted by the Conference or announced by the president. These "Side Lights" are constantly flashed on acts and usages which are strange to American thought, and the reader is frequently inclined to turn to the past to find the origin of such usages. One is impressed with the fact that usage, custom rather than written law, is the rule of procedure, and also with the great weight given to individual authority and official dignity.

We can make but brief reference to the great personalities in this crucial period of the Conference (we hope to recur to this subject in another paper). But it was a period of great men. Chief among the giants was Jabez Bunting, whom his strongest opponents and severest critics unite in calling "that great and good man," "the greatest of Wesleyans since Wesley." He had seen more than twenty-five years of itinerant service, and was in the maturity of his powers at the beginning of this period. The first manifest fermentation in the transformation was in the "Leeds case," and in this case are to be seen the elements involved in the conflicts of the next quarter-century — the question of church independency, the relative powers of the ministry and the laity, and the element of personal principle and prejudice. Mr. Bunting, already the master spirit of the Conference, manifests his personal power by coming into the case where according to Methodist usage he had no legal standing — making a way where there was no way — and dictating all the action which resulted in the beginning of disaster. He believed that the ministry should govern the church, much more the societies. So in the special district meeting the lay members must ratify the opinions of the preachers. He had long believed — ever since he was a junior preacher on that circuit — that "Yorkshire Methodists with all their excellences needed teaching a lesson" lest the laity should usurp the rights of the ministry. The immediate losses to Methodism from this trouble were comparatively small, but the thorn rankled and the irritation was never wholly allayed through all the years up to the secession following the expulsion of Everett Dunn and Griffith from the Conference in 1849 for refusing to answer a question put to them by the president.

Dr. Bunting was elected president in 1828, and from that time was absolute ruler of the Conference, the "ex-official adviser" of the president whoever might be in office. One can hardly conceive of a deliberative body more absolutely, not to say abjectly, subject to the rule of one man. For thirty years no vote of the Conference was carried in opposition to his expressed opinion, hardly was any subject allowed to be brought forward without his approval. When as missionary secretary he became a permanent resident of London, there were gathered about him a coterie of the great men of the Conference, a council of state which became practically a ruling oligarchy, fixing every man's appointment in the Conference. When the anonymous "Fly Sheets" were distributed through the Conference, this London government sent out a circular to each member asking him to sign a denial of all connection with their authorship. The few ministers — among them some of the ablest and best men in the Conference — who refused to sign the extra-legal paper, were made to suffer in their appointments, were refused election into the Legal Hundred, and in one or two cases were kept out of the presidency of the Conference solely for this cause. It is not strange that after so long a period of severe repression the explosion of secession, when it did come, was both tremendous and disastrous. Much less is it strange that it came.

We cannot give the space of which it is worthy to this able and admirable-spirited book. We can only say now that no one can have an adequate picture of the period covered by it without the light which it throws on the history of Methodism and the life of Bunting.

PERSONALS

— Chancellor Day and wife, of Syracuse, N. Y., are at Thousand Island Park.

— Pundita Ramabai will leave her daughter in a school in the East when she herself returns to India.

— Rev. S. A. Steel, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., called at this office last week. He had been lecturing at the Free Baptist Chautauqua Assembly.

— The transfer of Rev. Dr. S. H. Werlein, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from St. Louis to Austin, Texas, has been revoked by Bishop Galloway.

— An exchange notes that Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Ramsay, of Arch St. Church, Philadelphia, are enjoying their vacation among old friends in Ohio.

— Hon. Justin R. Whiting, who has been nominated for the governorship of the State of Michigan, is a trustee and steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Saint Clair, Mich.

— Mrs. J. T. Gracey, secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will shortly bring out a new book consisting of sketches of eminent missionary women of all denominations.

— Professor E. Fitch Cuykendall, who was professor of mathematics in Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J., from 1884 to 1895, has been elected to the chair of mathematics in Cazenovia Seminary.

— Dr. Rigg, who has edited the *London Quarterly Review* for twenty years, has retired. Dr. Watkinson, the late president of the Wesleyan Conference, becomes editor, and will bring out the *Review* in a new form at the beginning of the new year.

— Rev. R. G. Hobbs, Ph. D., of the Illinois Conference, has just been elected president of our college in Calcutta, India, and Bishop Thoburn has written to Bishop Ninde asking for the transfer. Dr. Hobbs has felt strongly drawn to this Indian field ever since his visit there a year ago.

— Rev. Dr. E. H. Richards, of the Congo Mission Conference, has sent to Bishop Hartzell the manuscript of a book which will contain about 100 pages of hymns, catechism questions and psalms, in the Sweetswa dialect, and the Missionary Society has authorized the publication of the book.

— Judson Lyons, of Atlanta, the colored register of the treasury, is thus referred to by the *Constitution* of that city: "By signing his name to war bonds he rivets his name to the history of his country as no other colored man has done before. He has fifty clerks under him, and is kept busy as well as responsible."

— Bishop Thoburn, with his family, sailed from London on July 21, and expects to reach Bombay, Aug. 12.

— Mrs. J. M. Avann, of Toledo, O., with her son and daughter, is taking a thousand-mile trip on the Northern Great Lakes. Dr. Avann is the popular and successful presiding elder of Toledo District.

— Bishop Mallalieu will open the Montana Conference at Anaconda on Aug. 11. No Bishop in the church is more conscientious, painstaking and successful in the administration of the Annual Conferences.

— Rev. A. R. Boggs has retired on account of impaired health from the presiding eldership of Mitchell District, Dakota Conference, and Rev. C. E. Hager has been appointed to fill that position until Conference.

— The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* observes: "Forty-nine years ago, July 29, Presiding Elder Frank A. Hardin, of the Rock River Conference, began his ministerial career. He is as zealous in work and as young in spirit as when he began."

— Miss Sarah M. Bosworth, for six years a missionary in Foochow, China, who has been granted a furlough for one year, reached the home of her parents in Fond du Lac, Wis., July 26. Miss Bosworth is the daughter of Dr. R. W. Bosworth, pastor of Division St. Church, Fond du Lac.

— We learn from the *Michigan Christian Advocate* that "Rev. George F. Durgin, of Ipswich, Mass., will occupy the pulpit of the Cass Avenue Church during the pastor's vacation in August. Mr. Durgin is pastor of a strong church, and is himself one of the leading ministers of his Conference."

— It is amusing, now that Hugh Price Hughes has been justified and vindicated by an election, with such a handsome majority, to the presidency of the Wesleyan Conference, to see the timid and conservative editors who have treated him so shabbily in the past, "tumble over each other" to applaud him and to recognize his greatness.

— Rev. M. H. Reid sails from New York, Aug. 11, under Bishop Hartzell's appointment, to inaugurate work in eastern Rhodesia, southeastern Africa. His wife will follow him next spring. He has had eight years of successful work in superintending missions on the Congo. Rev. Morris W. Ehnes, of Ohio, is also under appointment for Umtali in eastern Rhodesia, and sails a few days later.

— Admiral Dewey's church connection is at last settled by the *United Presbyterian*. He was reared as an orthodox Congregationalist, but has long been a member of the Presbyterian Church. On being assigned to command in the Pacific he removed his church relation to the neighborhood of San Francisco, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church at Vallejo, the nearest naval station on Mare Island, which is under the pastoral care of Rev. Theodore F. Burnham. In this church Admiral Dewey was elected to the office of ruling elder, the duties of which he has faithfully discharged when permitted to be at home.

— The *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* of Aug. 4 contains the following personal mention: "Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson conducted a noonday prayer-meeting yesterday at the W. C. T. U. parlor in Kellogg Hall. In her short preliminary talk she referred feelingly to her conference with Miss Willard last summer, who said on that occasion: 'The words of Marcus Aurelius, "O universe, what thou desirest, I desire," have been continually in my mind for days.' Taking the Bible rendition of the sentiment, 'Thy will be done,' for a theme, Mrs. Stevenson spoke briefly, and referred to the affliction sustained by the New York State W. C.

T. U. in the recent death of their president, Mrs. Mary Towne Burt."

— Judge G. C. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, called at this office on Monday. He was on his way from Magnolia to Saratoga Springs.

— Mount Union College has conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. O. S. Baketel, presiding elder of Concord District, New Hampshire Conference.

— Bishop Goodsell has appointed Dr. T. H. Woodring presiding elder of Washington District, Pittsburg Conference, for the remainder of the year, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. J. F. Core.

— Rev. W. T. Helms, U. S. N., of the Newark Conference, has been transferred from the "Lancaster" to the "Oregon," succeeding Rev. Joseph McIntyre, who was on the "Oregon" when she made her memorable journey from San Francisco.

— Chaplain C. S. Cummings, of Auburn, is visiting his regiment, the First Maine, at Chickamauga. He has raised over $2,200 for the sick and distressed, and will spend about three weeks with them at regimental headquarters and the division hospital.

— Rev. John Collins, of Somersworth, N. H., writes, referring to his son, Bertrand, who is an officer on the "Scorpion:" "I note that the papers report the 'Scorpion' in six engagements, the last Manzanillo. My boy has seen some lively fighting, and would have been in the engagement with Cervera, but was at Manzanillo the same day fighting, and had his ship struck twelve times. The second fight at Manzanillo was the 18th of July. I am glad that peace has come, and that my boy is safe."

— The *Christian Advocate* says: "Professor Rollin H. Walker, of Folts Mission Institute, Herkimer, N. Y., has spent some months in visiting mission stations in China, Japan, and Korea. Rev. Milton S. Vail speaks of him as 'an experienced, earnest, and thoroughly consecrated Christian worker, modest and retiring in his manner, yet a keen observer of men and things,' who 'will collect more valuable information in the same length of time than half a dozen travelers ordinarily gather.'"

— Rev. N. H. Martin, of Marlboro, writes under date of Aug. 5.: "My dear wife, Susan S. Martin, M. D., died, July 28, from the effects of pleurisy, gastritis and heart failure, aged 67 years. She had occasionally had severe ill turns in the last few years, but rallied from them and continued her medical practice till within three weeks of her death, when she became very sick and suffered much. Her work is done, and she is at rest. We crave and have and prize the sympathy and prayers of our brethren in the ministry and friends."

— Rev. Homer Eaton, D. D., had a most enthusiastic reception from the German Conferences at Frankfurt and Hamburg. After leaving the North German Conference, he and Mrs. Eaton made a brief tour of Holland, and on July 11 took steamer for England, arriving in London on the following morning. Dr. Eaton was an accredited delegate to the World's Sunday-school Convention, and also had matters of interest in connection with the Book Concern to look after there. Both he and Mrs. Eaton have had good health throughout their tour. They expected to reach New York, Aug. 5

— J. A. Patten, of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes under date of Aug. 2: "Your New England Methodism puts our First Church under renewed obligations for another very acceptable pastor. Rev. S. T. Westhafer, who came to us from Wesley Church, Bath, has just completed three remarkably fruitful years here, and he has a worthy successor in Rev. James M. Taber, recently from Trinity, Providence. Commencing his pastorate in midsummer, Dr. Taber has been greeted with large audiences at every service and has quickly found a place in the affections of the people. He is co-operating with the army chaplains at our great camp in every practical way."

— Mrs. Susan Boyd Brodbeck, wife of the late Dr. William Nast Brodbeck, died on Saturday morning, Aug. 6, of an affection of the heart. She was very low from a long illness at the time of the death of her husband, and she wasted away until the end came. The family, by the kindness of Mr. G. F. Washburn, had occupied one of his cottages at Green Lodge since May 1. The funeral services occurred at this cottage on Monday afternoon, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., being in charge, assisted by Revs. Noble Fisk, H. P. Tuckley, C. L. Goodell, and Charles Parkhurst. She was buried at Forest Hills Cemetery beside her husband. We shall publish in next week's issue a suitable memoir of this excellent woman, written by her long-time friend, Rev. H. P. Tuckley, D. D.

— Rev. L. R. Dunn, D. D., a superannuate of the Newark Conference, died at his home in East Orange, N. J., Saturday, Aug. 6. Dr. Dunn was well known in this vicinity. He was an able preacher and a forceful writer upon the doctrine of holiness and had published one or more volumes.

— Rev. Carlos Banning, of Newport, R. I., died at his residence in that place on Sunday, aged 79 years, leaving a wife, son and three daughters. He was a member of the New England Southern Conference, having held a superannuate relation since 1889. An obituary will soon appear in these columns.

— It is not surprising that Capt. Clark of the "Oregon" should break down now that the decisive naval victories are won, after enduring so long and unusual a nervous strain in bringing his battleship home from the Pacific Coast and in the long watch for the egress of Cervera from Santiago harbor and the heroic and decisive service which the "Oregon" rendered in the destruction of that fleet. Capt. Clark will meet with an enthusiastic welcome on his return to his home in Bradford, Vt.

BRIEFLETS

We shall publish, next week, a characteristically able and critical article from the pen of President Charles J. Little, of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, entitled, "Mr. Smalley's Defamation of Gladstone."

While our ministers are away on their vacations there is less news from the churches, but our readers will find the pages usually devoted to such matter crowded with contributions of marked interest and importance. This will be true for the entire month of August.

The New York *Voice*, last week, in presenting Ohio Wesleyan University, with an admirable portrait of President Bashford, says: "The Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware is another great force against drinking customs among students or anywhere else."

At the stated meeting of the American Bible Society last week an advance step was taken in respect to Bible distribution in the Philippine Islands. In view of the prospect that in the near future these islands may be open for new forms of Christian work, the secretaries were authorized to request Rev. John R. Hykes, D. D., the Society's agent for China, to visit Manila for the purpose of inquiring into existing facts and conditions, as a help to prompt and vigorous action in case there should be fit opportunities for circulating the Scriptures. To meet the expenses incident to his journey and to such preliminary work as may seem to be advisable, an appropriation of $1,000 was made. It was also decided to inaugurate Bible work in Porto Rico at the earliest practicable moment, and to resume the operations in Cuba which were suspended two years ago on account of the disturbed condition of the island.

Capt. Robley D. Evans, of the "Iowa," in a letter written at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, July 21, to Rev. H. H. Clark, D. D., of Annapolis, Md., his former chaplain, says: "It certainly was the most beautiful sight that I have ever witnessed to see my men, at one instant tearing the enemy's ships literally to pieces and with the desire to kill every man on board of them, and half an hour afterwards taking off their clothing to cover the wounded prisoners. It gave me a higher opinion of American manhood under a blue shirt than I have ever had before, and that is saying a great deal. It comes very near being pure Christianity according to my notion."

We are gratified to know that so many of our ministers are enjoying a vacation, and that our churches are coming to expect that their pastors will be accorded this privilege. Upon the faithful minister there is placed a burden of exhausting labor and care. The work of preparation for the pulpit, if made with needed study, reading and writing each week, is very exacting. Then the pastoral visitation, the attention to the sick, the burial of the dead, and the ceaseless giving out of nervous and sympathetic force in the social services of the church and in consultation with his people, is a draft from which every minister should be relieved for a stated period during the year. We have no sympathy with those who croak against vacations. They do not understand the case. The vacation is a necessity, and the church which thus provides for its minister will receive larger and better work from him. The apprehension that the church will suffer permanently if the pastor is absent a few weeks, has no foundation in fact. Hopeless must be the condition of a church that cannot submit to the absence of its minister for a brief respite without spiritual declension.

At the dedication of the monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," at Frederick, Md., on last Tuesday, the occasion derived added interest from the fact that Miss Julia Howard, of Baltimore, a great-granddaughter of the poet, unveiled the statue, and that prominent among the invited guests were the wife and daughter of his oldest son.

The missionary debt is now reduced to $33,197.84, but none of the $152,802.16 already promised is available until pledges are obtained for the full amount of the debt. It is most important that this balance shall be pledged before Sept. 1, when the Fall Conferences will begin their annual sessions, thus avoiding the confusion that will occur through change of pastorates, and mixing the debt-paying money with the regular annual missionary offering. To permit the plan now so near a signal success to fail, involving the loss of all that has been pledged, would not only be a misfortune, but a disaster, to the Missionary Society, and a source of humiliation to the entire church. In harmony with the instruction of the finance committee, the sum needed has been apportioned to various cities and towns. New York guarantees $10,000, and $2,000 has been apportioned to Boston and vicinity. Messrs. Alden Speare, E. O. Fisk and C. R. Magee have been appointed a committee to secure the amount stated within the next ten days. We earnestly entreat our people to generously respond to this last call for the removal of the missionary debt.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE STATUS OF THE W. C. T. U.

AS a strong, working sisterhood banded together for the great cause of humanity, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has held the interest not only of those allied in hope and purpose, but of these who are diametrically opposed in method. The palpable perplexities of its present situation are consequently felt not only within the organization where they have germinated, but throughout the broad field of humanitarian endeavor.

Queries naturally arise from many directions: Has the finest flower of women's special organization passed the flowering period? Is it about to undergo the process of decay and dissolution which life at a certain stage everywhere presents? Are retrogressive forces at work? Will the organization be able to retain its past prestige as a factor in social progress now that its unique leader is gone?

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance, is a self-evident truism. The natural law of retrogression affects classes as well as individuals. The highest vigor and energy in a social movement lie in the complete subordination of the individual. The strongest destructive forces to a social organization are self-seeking, self-centered workers, and the promotion of personal ends. When a charitable corporation fails to conduct its financial transactions on lines of business probity, when its direction is tinctured with methods of the political ring, it may be said to be unsound at the root, however fair-seeming its top may appear. That organization, like an individual, "only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

In the history of every individual, or collection of individuals, there comes a time for introspection and reconstruction. There has probably never existed a society whose members were bound to one another by a deeper or purer affection than the white ribboners in the days of the Crusade. Self seemed to be annihilated. Women of all classes were brought closer in resistance to a rampant evil; in a desire to live their lives more abundantly; in the Christlike impulse which leads the fortunate to care for the unfortunate. The society had all the uncontrollable vigor and energy of a successful social movement. Through the years it has rolled up a massive orb of organized endeavor under the propulsive power of consecrated purpose, blessed by a leader of phenomenal ability and fitness. In its wide circuit its sphere has been wonderfully enlarged. By the unifying power of its great promoter, threatened gaps were frequently cemented and the differing elements were successfully amalgamated.

At present the affinity of the particles in the W. C. T. U. sphere seems to be threatened. Rents and fissures appear on the surface. Sounds indicative of internal disorder are heard. Recently there have been decided volcanic eruptions, as in the case of Lady Henry Somerset and the Temple affair. A study of the nature and effect of these manifestations leads to certain irresistible conclusions.

The contending influences at work may be classified as radicalism *vs.* compromise as regards Lady Henry Somerset, and common sense *vs.* sentiment in the Temple matter.

We cannot judge of an organization by a few of its workers. But its leaders are expected to strike the keynote. Now and then there will be a discord — the note of human fallibility. Whether Lady Henry Somerset has a right to be the highest official representative of a body whose platform, on questions of social purity and the drink evil, is undeviatingly radical, is a mooted question. Certain bold radicals, whose main strength is in their argument and not in their numbers, have issued printed statements strongly insistent that she has not. They declare that she does not consider it necessary for all persons to become abstainers; that she does not wish all public houses (or saloons) closed; that she does not wish public houses closed during the entire day Sunday; that she makes a proposition in regard to selling drink to children that is far from being in unison with W. C. T. U. principles; that she does not wish prohibition, and that she receives revenue from two or three beer houses upon her own estates; that though a personal abstainer, she has allowed wine to be served at her own table to her guests till January of the present year; that she has proven her weakness and done much harm by her concessions on the purity question, though afterwards retracted; that, in fact, her attitude loosens the underpinnings of strictly prohibitive principle which are the strength of the W. C. T. U.

Equally as fervent and far more numerous are those who, following Miss Willard's lead, would look with charity upon Lady Henry Somerset's error regarding the purity question, accepting her retraction in the sweet, humble spirit in which it was offered and rejoicing in the strength of moral courage which made retraction possible. These members hold that the acting president of the World's W. C. T. U. stands firm upon the rock of prohibition; that the difference is purely that of process which the eminent English leader would adapt to the needs in England, following the slow unfolding but stable development of temperance sentiment in that country, on the national principle of making haste slowly. In other lands, they claim she would uphold the most advanced standards which the progress of temperance sentiment would warrant in each.

Many of the apparently inconsistent acts are explained by Lady Henry Somerset's peculiar social position, as, for instance, the selling liquors on the estates (which is being stopped as fast as leases under her control expire) and serving wine to guests (not done since her son's marriage). Other actions, however, are only explainable by the spirit of compromise, which would grant some that it might gain more, as in her willingness to permit the lowering of the age at which spirits may be sold from sixteen to fifteen in order that the beer age might be raised from thirteen to fifteen. Notwithstanding the claim made by wise reformers that the world's progress has been sometimes helped by the slower methods of compromise, yet we are assured that reform ends are soonest gained by radical means. To decline the half loaf may mean "no bread," but it as certainly means no letting down of standards and the final gaining of the highest ideals. The cause today needs a Lincoln and a Whittier, a Harriet Beecher Stowe, another Frances Willard, and a host of "Emanuel Bayards." Whatever the outcome regarding the methods of Lady Henry Somerset, there can be no disintegrating force in this agitation. It must be in the end educational and fruitful of good in clearly defining the aims and limitations of the W. C. T. U.

Women, and especially the women of the W. C. T. U., are credited with more than a modicum of common sense. But occasionally the most common-sense women will "see visions and dream dreams." Sentiment is a component part of the feminine mind. But sentiment uncontrolled is a tidal wave to break the stout moorings of common sense. This is evidently what happened in the launching of the Temple enterprise. Its projectors got into too deep waters. The attempt to beat against the mountainous billows of colossal figures has consumed for years much of the best effort of the organization, and has resulted in a disastrous wreck. The financial story is briefly told: Instead of a decreasing debt, the Temple presents a constant and hopeless accumulation of liabilities from accruing interest and running expenses. In return for $250,000 contributed by the Unions, Mrs. Carse holds for the W. C. T. U. a $15,000 second mortgage, the balance having been expended largely in exploitation. Looking at the Temple through disinterested glasses, the impartial observer is amazed that an organization could permit even the most trusted agent to exploit an adventurous project under its chaperonage without expecting to be held morally if "not legally responsible." "If it's a success, we gain. If it fails, we have nothing to lose," was the dominant idea of the successive conventions, futilely opposed by a few sensible women. It has failed. Women's common sense and business sagacity have been arraigned. More than this, it is inevitable that irretrievable damage must come to the work of the organization in loss of public confidence. Many had deposited their savings in the much-exploited investment because of its affiliation by a Christian body. There must come increased difficulties by the natural withdrawal of trusting friends and by the increased arrogance and influence of the banded liquor interests.

There is a bright side, however, even to disaster. Optimism detects its gleam in the lesson of failure to be learned and in the warning to other Christian and reform organizations. Unity must be conserved by the removal of jarring elements. There is hope in the lightening of the load which the Temple laid not only upon the local Unions, but in the high rentals imposed upon the National organization for singularly inadequate headquarters. There will be enlarged opportunities, possibly, for meeting the need of placing trained organizers in the field on a salaried basis. Best of all would be an awakening to broader charity and a reconsecration to the spirit of the early Crusade.

"God buries His workmen, but He carries on His work." In what form this great work of the W. C. T. U. will finally evolve, we cannot foresee. But that it will evolve there can be no doubt, in view of the world's great need. It may be possible that the day of the W. C. T. U. as a training school for women is past. Why should women seek all the higher culture and do all the work? The W. C. T. U. might wisely follow the example of its affiliated body in Iceland, where women and men stand side by side in every interest affecting the home and public life, and where a temperance union of women only would be unthought of. Miss Willard's prophetic power perhaps foresaw this evolution when she said in what has proved to be the last of her remarkable annual reviews: "The father can influence his children almost as much as their mother can. He must be taken into counsel and become an integral part of all our temperance work, and he will come when the mothers make a place for him and minister to him that 'abundant entrance' that he is getting ready to give to them in the happy home of the future that we call government."

The best memorial that Frances Willard can be accorded is in the working unity and continuity of the organization which she vitalized with the unstinted wealth of her wonderful endowments. Its present leaders can do no more monumental service to the world than in solidifying and perpetuating the fundamental principles and aims of the organization on the broad lines laid down by the prophetic leader. Calling to its aid the constructive forces of a vital consecration, in absolute subordination of material and individual interests, the organism of the W. C. T. U. may enter upon a new era, drawing strength from the decay which seemed to threaten it.

THE CROWN OF THE CROWNER

To J. S. C., who has placed in a church memorial windows in honor of two of its deceased pastors.

'Tis sweet the victor's wreath to bear,
More sweet to twine it for another;
'Tis sweet the conqu'ror's crown to wear,
More sweet to set it on a brother.

W. F. WARREN.

Hyannisport, Mass.

WINDSOR, OXFORD AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D. D.

LONDON has no city like itself in the world except it be Greater New York. Our own metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson has not the hoary aspect and historic associations of the city of the Thames, but both have become the rendezvous of nations, both are rich in commerce and domestic enterprise, both increasing rapidly in population, both destined to exert a commanding influence on national opinion, politics and government, while both are confronted with the most stupendous social and economic problems. May these great centres of the English-speaking world with their vast aggregation of commercial activity, wealth, and energy, exert a progressive, healthful and beneficent influence on the destinies of humanity!

Early in September I bade good-bye to famous London town and turned my face toward the west.

WINDSOR,

twenty-two miles from London, was our first stopping-place, its royal castle towering proudly over the old town.

That castellated palace, high-place of kinghood, is one of the oldest and noblest of royal residences, adorned and glorified with everything that affection could dictate, wealth procure, or art achieve during eight hundred years of British sovereignty. Having a letter of introduction to one of the oldest servants of the Queen's household, I was favored beyond ordinary visitors. This letter opened almost every door in the Palace, and we sauntered leisurely through state-chambers and private apartments, adorned with tapestries and paintings, sculpture and art. The Round Tower dominates all; and the buildings consist of three courts, the lower, middle and upper wards. One is almost lost amid chapels and cloisters. St. George's is a gem of architecture in its admirable proportions and studied richness, and in the north of the altar is the Queen's Gallery, occupied by Her Majesty when she attends service in the chapel. The Albert Memorial Chapel is near, but the splendid sarcophagus is empty, for the Prince Consort is buried in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. We were shown through the Queen's Audience Chamber, the State Drawing Room, the Presence Chamber, St. George's Hall, the Throne Room, the Crimson Drawing Room with its hangings and furniture of red silk, the White and Green Drawing Rooms, the Royal Library containing not only 50,000 books but unknown treasures in the way of presents to the Queen from every part of the world. We sat in the chair where Queen Anne was sitting when she received the news of the victory of Marlborough. We even visited Her Majesty's ample kitchen and were admitted to the "silver room" and the "gold room"—a privilege not often granted—where we saw an endless variety of gold and silver plate, cups, vases, salvers, in extent and richness unequaled—everything needed for a state banquet of three hundred at the royal table, all of solid gold. We threaded the towers, and climbed to the battlements, and surveyed royal gardens, parks, and long avenues of majestic trees.

We are sated with splendor and take train to

OXFORD,

twenty or thirty miles further on. But how can one describe in a few sentences this famous seat of learning, with its stately palaces and venerable buildings, its colleges, chapels and cathedrals, all "dyed in the soft checkerings of a sleepy light," its shady walks, groves and grassy quadrangles, its alcoved libraries and museums filled with treasures of every kind!

Passing along High Street, which Hawthorne calls the "noblest old street in England," we note the Martyrs' Memorial, and then ramble from college to college along the magnificent avenues. To an American visiting Oxford or Cambridge for the first time it is a revelation, the number of the colleges is so bewildering. New College, one of the wealthiest, is quite old, for it was founded in the reign of Edward III. by William of Wyckham, Bishop of Winchester. A successor of his, unable to enlarge the foundation as he desired, founded Magdalen—"Maudlin," as it is called. It has the finest choral service in the University and the grounds are most beautiful. Here are the botanical gardens, and here is "Addison's Walk" under the lime trees, reaching down to the Cherwell.

Christ Church was founded in 700, and then its grant increased by the Norman. Wolsey determined to make it a college and began by building the kitchen and the dining-room. When the rupture between him and the king took place, Henry resolved to carry on the work and completed and endowed it. Having no special charter, it is a royal college, and its magnificent chapel is the cathedral of Oxford. The dining-hall is rich with stained-glass and full-length portraits of celebrated men. Indeed, all the dining halls with their carved wainscottings and heavy rafters are a marked picture of Oxford life, for these literary men mingle high living with high thinking.

All Souls has no students; they are all masters, distinguished scholars from all parts of the kingdom. St. John's has the most beautiful gardens, and Worcester has an artificial lake with swans floating about in it. These gardens and lawns and grounds must be seen to be appreciated.

The Bodleian Library has a collection of more than half a million books, with rare manuscripts. Among the curious things to be seen are a scrap of the Iliad found in Egypt in 1888; and the old dark lantern carried by Guy Fawkes. This is the oldest of libraries, and in 1762 the books were released from their chains. The *Camera Bodleiana*, formerly the Radcliff Library, is open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mansfield, the Congregational College, of which Dr. Fairbairn is principal, looks fresh and new. Its chapel is very fine and the dining-hall is handsome.

The Sheldonian Theatre is a great circular building constructed by Sir Christopher Wren, decorated grandly outside and topped by a magnificent dome. Here the vice-chancellor, with the regents, doctors and officials of the University, gather to confer honors upon men highest in literature, art and statesmanship; and here the boys do their "ragging" and turn the place at times into a perfect pandemonium. Here Lowell received his degree, and here, also, Phillips Brooks. This year Sir Wilfrid Laurier and all the colonial premiers were honored. The only American laureated was Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, editor of the *Nation*. One can never forget a visit to Oxford even in midsummer.

Now for another shrine. We are near to

STRATFORD-ON-AVON,

filled with the vivid, vital image of the immortal Shakespeare. The home and grave of the myriad-minded poet is a peaceful little town differing in no wise in its natural pictures from any other English rural community. Indeed, the first impressions are anything but classical; and the grandly gifted poet soon comes to you as a veritable flesh-and-blood individual.

On Henley Street is the poet's birthplace. There is the antique open fireplace and the broken stone floor. Up a short flight of stairs and you enter the room where the immortal bard was born. It is smaller and humbler than you can conceive, lighted by one window; the floor of planks, roughly hewn, the ceiling so low that you can easily touch it. Here lay the child to whom the occupants of palaces, castles and universities render their tribute of respect and honor. Here is one who

"Walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion."

There is no doubt about the identity of the house. In the window pane Sir Walter Scott scratched his name with his diamond ring, and many others have followed his example. Of course, we made a pilgrimage to Anne Hathaway's cottage and to the venerable Gothic church standing amid the shadow of great green lime trees, by the sunny side of the peaceful river where is the tomb of the poet and where undisturbed sleeps his dust. The window illustrating his "Seven Ages" is the contribution of Americans.

"If man can be immortal here,
If soul can stay when life is done;
If dust can brave the levelling-spear,
Thou, Shakespeare, art that mighty one."

An amazing thing occurred this summer in the attempt by Mr. Daly to give the "trial trip" for Miss Ada Rehan's "Rosalind" and "As You Like It" in the open air at the great dramatist's birthplace. But the rain came down in torrents and the poor players in sorry trim had to make their exit from the

"forest of Arden" and seek the shelter of the Memorial Theatre to complete the play.

Eight miles farther brings us to Warwick Castle, splendidly situated on a high rock overlooking the Avon. And here we take the most charming carriage drive in England — from Warwick to Coventry, passing the famous Kenilworth Castle, a stately and magnificent ruin, mantled with ivy, and "doing" Coventry, the old town with "its three tall spires," its effigy of "Peeping Tom," and other reminders of the legend of the little dimpled Lady Godiva who

> "For the love she bore the poor
> Took the tax away,"

and built herself an everlasting name.

We are now only a few miles from Birmingham, the great manufacturing town, in the heart of the Black Country, where we strike the main line and speed on to Liverpool.

I had intended crossing to Dublin, and after seeing the Bank of Ireland, Trinity College, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other sights of the Irish capital, to visit the Lakes of Killarney, returning to Cork and Blarney Castle and embarking at Queenstown; but decided to remain and embark at Liverpool. My holiday was a very busy, but a delightful and restful, one. For —

> "Rest is not quitting
> This busy career;
> Rest is the fitting
> Of self to one's sphere.
> 'Tis loving and serving
> The highest and best;
> 'Tis onward, unswerving —
> And this is true rest."

As a closing word, allow me to say that I have greatly enjoyed another visit to the old land. It is an education to the American to visit Europe, and, though we have not so many places full of imperishable associations, it is an equal education to the Englishman to visit America. Every tourist from one land to the other should be a messenger of peace and an ambassador of brotherhood. The general impression of Great Britain, the people with whom we are in greatest sympathy, is that of thrift and prosperity. The conditions of labor are not perfect; wages are not as good as with us, and living generally is on a lower scale; but work is plenty, factories, mills and dock-yards are in full blast, and the country is richer and stronger than ever it was before. "There is life in the old land yet." "Her age surely is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly."

> "The old nursing mother is not hoary yet,
> There is sap in her Saxon tree;
> Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory, yet,
> Thro' her mists, to the sun and the sea."

Roses for the Living

DID you ever think of this? Many heap roses upon a coffin when the form within is lifeless and knows nothing about it. Do you do this? If so, you doubtless think of the opportunities to show love and appreciation before death took your friend away. Pray do not again keep roses for the dead, when it is best to give them to the living. Give roses to beautify homes, to beautify minds, to beautify hearts; roses of all colors, roses of knowledge, roses of sympathy, and roses of love. They gladden hearts. They lessen trials, increase happiness, and sweeten life in every way. They help those who receive them to grow purer, nobler, and more heavenly minded. They benefit you more than words can tell. Blessed is the cheerful giver — he who gives time, money, instruction, kind words, sympathy, or anything else for the good and ennobling of others. Yes, strew roses of knowledge, roses of peace, roses of happiness, and roses of love. — *Baptist Helper.*

THE MOTHER CHURCH

REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

THE mother church of American Methodism is not the "Church of England," by law established, but the "Wesleyan Methodist Church." "The British Conference" is the mother Conference of all others. During the twenty-seven years since we left the maternal roof-tree to live with the eldest daughter, which had so outgrown her mother — the "Methodist Episcopal Church of America" — we have not lost an affectionate interest in the "Old Body," as the English Methodist daughters frequently call the Wesleyan Church. Having made six visits to England during the past nineteen years, we have had opportunities to watch her doings since we lived and labored in her "Connexion."

The child among them taking notes has observed the tenacity with which she holds on to the Scripture doctrines held by the Methodist Church, and mostly to the old formulæ of those doctrines. A restatement of those doctrines seems too often to be regarded with suspicion and even coldness. Yet some of her teachers, believing that more light is continually breaking forth from God's Word, bravely turn that light on the old truths. The rising generation will walk in that light, and bless the light-bearers for their fidelity and courage.

The old mother's loyalty to Methodist hymns is most praiseworthy. Worship in whatever church you will, there you find the Methodist Hymn-book in use. In most of her missions the whole or a part is used. Next to the Bible, the English Methodist regards his hymn-book as a means of grace and knowledge of the truth. The mother church has not been deluged with floods of cheap stuff set to cheaper music, and containing bad theology, such as has poured in upon us during the past three decades, to our great hurt as a people. Hail to the low-priced Methodist Hymnal now within reach of all worshipers, and being introduced at our camp-meetings this season! We shall have more stalwart Christians as a result. Though we shall not sing so many hymns, nor stanzas of hymns, as do English Methodists, yet our profiting will soon appear.

The class-meeting with them is still a test of membership. Continued absence without proper reasons is followed by the entry: "Ceased to meet," which means dropped from the records. How would this rule among us affect the millions of members we yearly return? Would it not spoil some statistical speeches? Class moneys are still in vogue among them. In addition to seat rent, deficits at end of year, benevolences, and even before these, comes the weekly class money, which each member who is not able to prove himself unable to do so must pay for the privilege of membership in the Methodist Church. He also pays for his quarterly ticket of membership. Two cents a week, and twenty-four cents a quarter, is considered the minimum for each member. Our own class-books have the money columns, but they are always blank. We know of one church in New England which had more than two hundred full members on its membership records who were not found on any of the money records of that church. What should be done with full members who can, but will not, pay to the church which literally carries them along?

The dear old mother seems less afraid of disciplining her children than does her eldest daughter. Her splendid missionary record, her debt-paying on old trusts, her large number of fine new church buildings, her loving care for her ministry, especially in their declining years, her growing social influence in the country — all excite our admiration. We are proud of our dear old mother and the record she is still making.

We are also especially pleased to see her amending her ways. She is not faultless even yet, but each recent visit has shown us marked improvements. She is becoming more flexible in methods of worship. Though still the grand old liturgy of the Church of England is feebly rendered by small congregations in some large chapel buildings on Sunday mornings, yet many such congregations have laid it aside, as we did at the very beginning, for the freer service, more suited to the people of the community. We could name congregations which have greatly increased by its disuse, and also many laymen who, having grown rich, have left for the Church of England where the thing is properly done. Surpliced boy-choirs and intoned services, much as one may personally enjoy and profit by them, seem incongruous in a modern Methodist church on either side of the Atlantic.

On previous visits we mourned over the neglect of the young people as such by English Methodism. We talked to leaders and urged that something more be done, and notified them that something would have to be done in the near future. They have awakened to the need, and the "Wesley Guild," spurred on by the Christian Endeavor at its side, is doing good work for young English Methodists. Had it not been American, we think they would have adopted the name "Epworth League." We are glad they have the thing, if not the same name.

We have been many times amused at the ignorance, and consequent prejudice, of even prominent English Methodists concerning America and its Methodism. The frequent visits of leading preachers to our country of late years is doing much to open the eyes of our mother, and to remove the prejudice from the minds of her English children concerning her great and ever growing greater daughter across the sea. Some of the leading English Methodists who have

visited our shores and our church feel that they have a mission to their countrymen on this line.

On previous visits we have thought the emphasis was being laid too heavily on the "family church." They seem to have been thinking so, too, for many such have changed their methods and secured crowds on Sunday afternoons and evenings, where they used to have only scores or even dozens. The evangelistic spirit in the mother church has seemed to us to have increased on each succeeding visit during the past decade. How much Revs. S. F. Collier and his helpers in Manchester, and Hugh Price Hughes, his convert to these lines, and his fellow-workers in London, have helped in this direction throughout the kingdom, we cannot tell. We visited both those centres of Christian activity, but cannot now speak of them particularly.

Manchester, Eng.

THE ANSWER

"The Whelps of the Lion answer him."
—Recent anonymous poem in English paper.

The old lion stands in his lonely lair;
The noise of the hunting has broken his rest;
He scowls to the Eastward: tiger and bear
Are harrying his jungle; he turns to the West;

And sends through the murk and mist of the night
A thunder that rumbles and rolls down the trail;
And tiger and bear, the quarry in sight,
Crouch low in the covert, and cower and quail;

For deep through the night-gloom, like surf on a shore,
Peals thunder in answer, resounding with ire;
The hunters turn stricken: they know the dread roar:
The whelp of the lion is joining his sire.

—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, in *Harper's Weekly.*

"BLACK-BELT DIAMONDS"

A BOOK bearing the above title has just been placed on the editor's table. It is made up of gems from the speeches, addresses, and talks to students of Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., selected and arranged by Victoria Earle Matthews, author of "Aunt Lindy," etc., with a very able introduction by T. Thomas Fortune, an educated and able representative of the Negro race, and is published by Fortune & Scott, New York. We have read the volume with so much interest and delight that we are moved to present some of the gems to our readers. Mr. Fortune's brilliant introduction is a fitting preparation for the golden and prophetic thoughts of Mr. Washington. From it we make generous excerpts. He says: —

"Strangely enough, the Southern States have produced only two men, since the War of the Rebellion, who have achieved a national reputation. These two men are Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, and Booker T. Washington, of Alabama. The one represented the white South, with which he was identified by blood and sympathy, and spoke for it alone, and secured for himself an audience as wide as the continent, which has become — in what it stands for rather than in what it is — the hope and the inspiration of the oppressed and downtrodden of all lands; and he was dangerous because he spoke for a part and not for the whole of the Southern people, because he contended for a part and not for the whole truth, as it is related to manhood and citizenship, and to that Christian charity which embraces all the children of men. The other represents the whole South, because he is identified with the whole South by blood and sympathy, and he speaks for the whole South, and has secured for himself an audience as wide as the continent; and he is a safe and a helpful man because he speaks for the whole Southern people, because he contends for the whole and not for a part of the truth, as it is related to manhood and citizenship, and to that Christian charity which embraces all the children of men.

"Mr. Grady laid it down as the cornerstone of his faith, and was content to rest his fame with posterity upon it, that 'the supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained forever, and the domination of the Negro race resisted at all points and at all hazards, because the white race is the superior race. This is the declaration of no new truth; it has abided forever in the marrow of our bones, and shall run forever with the blood that feeds Anglo-Saxon hearts.'

"This sentiment is opposed to Christian philosophy, and is specifically disavowed by the Federal Constitution, which does not recognize the divine right of the Anglo-Saxon race or the Afro-American race, or any other race comprehended in our American citizenship; and the life was shot out of it on a hundred battlefields in the War of the Rebellion!

"Mr. Washington said (in his address at the Alumni Dinner of Harvard University, June 24, 1896, after having received the honorary degree of Master of Arts), and he is content to rest his fame with posterity upon it, that 'while we are thus being tested, I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours we help or we hinder. Wherever your life touches ours you make us stronger or weaker. No member of your race in any part of the country can harm the meanest member of mine without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape — man drags man down, or man lifts man up. In working out our destiny, while the main burden and centre of activity must be with us, we shall need in a large measure, in the years that are to come, as we have had in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South soon shall throw off the shackles of racial and sectional prejudices, and rise, as Harvard University has risen, and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness, and selfishness, into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve man, our brother, regardless of race or past condition.'

"Upon another occasion Mr. Washington said: 'I thank God I have grown to the point where I can sympathize with a white man as much as I can with a black man, where I can sympathize with a Southern white man as much as with a Northern white man.' Again: 'The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to a white man is but half free.'

"The difference between Mr. Grady and Mr. Washington is to be found in the fact that the one was an Anglo-Saxon American, and the other an Afro-American; that the one was born a free man, and the other a slave; that the one was educated to believe that God made freedom and opportunity for His white children alone, the other that He made them for all His children — of Ham and Shem and Japheth, the black and white and yellow. And so each, according to his lights, builded — the one upon sand, the other upon rock, the one for the present, the other for posterity!

"These two men were born orators of great power. The one spent his genius and energy in seeking to clinch the rivets in the chain that bound the intellect and the soul of two races — 'one as to the hand, separate as to the fingers' — to the blighting prejudices and dogmas of the dead past, to the decaying carcass of slavery; while the other spends his genius and energy in seeking to loosen the rivets in the chain of the dead past, to unite the whole people for mutual help and sympathy, to make the freedom of both races a positive force for power and for good in our national life, to heal up the wounds of the past, that we may be strong as a united people to enjoy to the fullest extent the destiny which God, in His mercy, has set as a prize for our high calling among the nations of the earth — and the people of the North and the South and the West, lend willing ears to the 'tidings of great joy' which it is his privilege to deliver.

"And these two men were born educators. The one planted a newspaper, which grew and waxed strong, so that it became as an oracle, speaking as with authority, and it will bear upon its front the impress of his genius and of his limitations — of his provincialism in the matters of race and of country — and remain a disturbing element, because out of joint with the irresistible philosophy of human and national progress, for many years to come; while the other planted an institution of learning in a rich soil, which has been and is and will remain a nursery of Christian love and charity for all the children of men, and of a patriotism as broad and deep as our Declaration of Independence, the strongest pronouncement of human freedom ever made, and as abiding as the Federal Constitution, upon which our institutions rest 'in the love of man and the fear of God.'

"The voice of Henry W. Grady is silent in death. While he lived, 'the proud scion of a proud race' divided the honors, as the South's representative orator and educator, with Booker T. Washington, the humble offspring of a slave woman who could not call her soul her own. Fate could go no further in giving vitality and force to the poet's declaration, that 'one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,' and in teaching the sublime lesson that —

"'Honor and worth from no condition rise;
Act well your part — there all the honor lies.'

"Mr. Washington still lives; and today the South possesses no voice stronger than his — that has the nation for an audience when he uses it, that is teaching Christian love and sympathy and national unity with like power and success. The God that lifted him out of bondage has made of him a great power for good in the land. And it is due to the Southern people — to all the Southern people — to say that they recognize the native ability and the consecration to service — the sustaining the weak, and the lifting up of the fallen — of the man, the tower of strength, who has taken the place so long and worthily filled by Frederick Douglass, as 'the guide, philosopher, and friend' of the ten million Afro-American citizens of the Republic, with whom his lot is more particularly cast, and to emphasize the fact that one of the strongest elements of his strength and influence is the respect and confidence of the whole Southern people which he enjoys in such unstinted measure; a respect and confidence which, added to that of the people of the North and West, have enabled him to erect and sustain a lighthouse of knowledge in the Black Belt of Alabama, whose reflection, whose pervasive influence, is blinding the eyes of ignorance and prejudice, so that men may see

the beauty and the wealth that abound in Nature, and thus intelligently lay hold upon them for their use and comfort, and that they may see and imbibe that reverence for the Creator and love of mankind in which the happiness of the people and the strength of the nation abide.

"It is appropriate to say this much, in submitting to the reader the collection of some of the wise thoughts which Mr. Washington has uttered at various times and places, and which have been culled, with so much of industry and discrimination and devotion to the life-work of the man, by Mrs. Matthews."

The "Diamonds"

From the pages of this volume we select a number of the epigrammatic but remarkably significant and practical declarations of Mr. Washington: —

THE NEGRO'S HOME.

The Negro has a genuine interest in this country — in the South. It is his home, and he is going to remain in the South. He is not here to grab a few dollars and then return to some foreign shore.

"WE CLAIM HIM."

It takes one hundred per cent. of Caucasian blood to make a white American. The minute it is proven that a man possesses one one-hundredth part of Negro blood in his veins, it makes him a black man. He falls to our side; we claim him. The ninety-nine per cent. of white blood counts for nothing when weighed against one per cent. of Negro blood.

LOYALTY.

Whether in slavery or in freedom, we have always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

TALK VERSUS ACTION.

It is all very well to bewail our wrongs. I feel them as keenly as any one else. But, I think, we have had quite enough talk about them, and that the thing to do now is to try to get our rights.

EAGERNESS FOR KNOWLEDGE.

No schoolhouse has been opened for us that has not been filled.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SLAVERY.

The time has come, it seems to me, for Northern men, Southern men, black men and white men, to blot out their prejudices and look matters squarely in the face as they are. The *whole country* was responsible for slavery.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There are persons whose lives are so much like that of Christ's, who have so much genuine Christianity in them, that we cannot come in contact with them, we cannot even steal a glance at their faces, without being made stronger and better. It is said that on one cold, wintry day, when snow and rain were falling, and the day was one to make a person despondent, Phillips Brooks was walking through the streets of Boston. At once those who saw him and looked upon his countenance saw a ray of sunshine. Why? Because that man was so full of the "milk of human kindness," so overflowing with love for humanity, that no man, however degraded and besotted a specimen of humanity he was, could look upon that face without being helped, without feeling that he, with every other human being, had a place in the heart of great Phillips Brooks.

SERIOUS MISTAKES.

Immediately after freedom we made serious mistakes. We began at the top. We made these mistakes, not because we were black people, but because we were ignorant and inexperienced.

TRAINED HEAD AND HAND.

The hand, as well as the head, of every black boy and girl of the South should be trained to some useful occupation.

A REFINED FAMILY.

A quiet development of ourselves and the influence of an educated, refined colored family would gradually and insensibly wear off a prejudice that could never be argued away.

WHERE RESISTANCE BEGINS.

As long as the Negro will be about the streets drunk, lazy, and shiftless, there is no resistance to him. The resistance comes when he begins to move forward.

THE WHITE NEIGHBOR.

If the colored woman would make a more attractive home than her white neighbor, that white woman would in time at least be hanging on her gate to make inquiries; and if the colored man knew how to raise forty bushels of corn where the white man could only raise twenty, he would soon be inside the gate to find out the method.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HEART.

My part is to help speed the day, now fast approaching, when there shall not be a Northern heart and a Southern heart, a black heart and a white heart, but all shall be melted by deeds of sympathy, patience, and forbearance into one heart — the great American heart — whose highest aspirations shall be to give to all men everywhere unrestricted opportunity for the fullest growth and prosperity.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

Not much religion can exist in a one-room log cabin or on an empty stomach.

THE CURSE OF THE RACE.

Sentimental Christianity, which banks everything in the future and nothing in the present, is the curse of the race.

THE MOST PATIENT RACE.

To right his wrongs, the Russian appeals to dynamite, Americans to rebellion, the Irish to agitation, the Indian to his tomahawk; but the Negro, the most patient, the most unresentful and law-abiding, depends for the righting of his wrongs upon his songs, his midnight prayers, and his inherent faith in the justice of his cause.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

No race can prosper until it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem.

THE MORTGAGE SYSTEM.

The Southern mortgage system is the curse of the Negro. It is the mortgage system which blinds him, robs him of independence, allures him, and winds him deeper and deeper in its meshes each year till he is lost and bewildered.

KNOWS HE IS DOWN.

One of the most encouraging things in connection with the lifting up of the Negro race in this country is the fact that he knows that he is down, and wants to get up — he knows that he is ignorant, and wants to get light.

THE HIGHER VIRTUES.

Says the Great Teacher, "I will draw all men unto Me." How? Not by force, not by law, not by superficial glitter. Following in the tracks of the lowly Nazarene, we shall continue to work and wait, till, by the exercise of the higher virtues, by the product of our brains and hands, we make ourselves so important to the American people that we shall compel them to recognize us because of our intrinsic worth.

ENGINE AND GRAMMAR.

It requires as much brain power to build a Corliss engine as to write a Greek grammar. I would say to the Negro boy, Get all the mental development possible. But I would also say to a large proportion of black boys and girls, and would emphasize it for the next fifty years or longer, that either at the same time that the literary training is being gotten or after it is gotten, they should devote themselves to the mastery of some industry.

TRUE RELIGION.

Our people need to be taught that it is better to be a Christian than to be a Methodist or a Baptist; that it is better to save a soul than to subscribe to a creed.

HIS SAINTED MOTHER.

My first acquaintance with our hero was this: Night after night, before the dawn of day, on an old slave plantation in Virginia, I recall the form of my sainted mother, bending over a bundle of rags that enveloped my body, on a dirt floor, breathing a fervent prayer to Heaven that "Massa Lincoln" might succeed, and that one day she and I might be free.

NO DIFFERENCE.

An educated man on the streets with his hands in his pockets is not one whit more benefit to society than an ignorant man on the streets with his hands in his pockets.

A NATIONAL EVIL.

The epidemic of lynching that has prevailed in the South for some time, and seems to be extending into the West, should convince all that the Southern problem cannot be solved by a mere wave of the hand.

THE PRODUCER AND CONSUMER.

The Negro in this country must become, in a more potent sense, a producer of wealth as well as a consumer. He must become more of a business man, must enter all avenues of industry. Even now, in almost every part of our country, there are industries that mean our life-blood, as it were, that are fast slipping from under us. From being the head and centre of these industries, as of yore, we are too fast being relegated to the ragged edge of some of the most important. I repeat that we must, as a race, enter business, for we are constantly being required to measure ourselves by the side of the business world, and by this test we rise or fall.

"BARBERS" AND "TONSORIAL ARTISTS."

During the past twenty-five or thirty years we have let some golden opportunities slip from us, and I fear we have not had enough plain talk right on these lines. If you ever have the opportunity to go into the large cities of the North, you will see some striking examples of this kind of thing. I remember the first time I went North — and it hasn't been so many years ago — it was not an uncommon thing to see the barber shops in the hands of colored men. I know colored men who could have gotten comfortably rich. You cannot find today a first-class barber-shop in New York or Boston in the hands of a colored man. Something is wrong. That opportunity is gone. Coming home, in Montgomery, Memphis, or New Orleans, you will find that the barber-shops are gradually slipping from the hands of the colored men, and they are going back on dark streets and opening little holes. These opportunities have slipped from us largely because we have not learned to dignify labor. The colored man puts a little dirty chair and a pair of razors into a dirtier-looking hole, while the white man opens up his shop in connection with some fashionable hotel, fits it up in fine style with carpets, fine mirrors, etc., and calls that a "Tonsorial Parlor." The proprietor sits up at his desk, keeps his books, and takes the cash. Thus he transforms what we call a drudgery into a paying business.

THE NEGRO'S GUIDING STAR.

Progress, progress is the law of God, and under Him it is going to be the Negro's guiding star in this country.

THE FAMILY

AT THE FRONT

Not the soldiers only are at the front today,
  Not alone the boys in blue who face the stubborn foe,
In the tent and in the charge, and on the weary way,
  There are unseen sentinels who watch with eyes aglow.

Mothers who have sent their sons to battle for the right,
  Wives and sweethearts, all day long, whose throbbing hearts are there,
A host of loyal loving ones who help the gallant fight
  By beating at the throne of God, with never-ceasing prayer.

These may not thread the jungle, nor storm the frowning hill,
  They stand not in the rifle-pit, they man no sullen gun;
But they are with the army, and with strength their pulses thrill,
  And theirs will be the victor's part, when once the strife is done.

Standing for the old flag, standing firm for God,
  Standing for humanity, they meet the battle's brunt,
These women, who for heart-ache scarce can see the path they've trod,
  Since they kissed the lads they love so dear, and sent them to the front.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Independent*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Resignation is putting God between one's self and one's grief. — *Madame Swetchine.*

* * *

The believer goes down to the gates of death and finds them the gates of glory. — *Gordon Hall.*

* * *

Duty is the one seed that has such life in it that it can lie as long as God will in the mummy hand of death, and yet be ready any moment to start into new growth in the new soil where He shall set it. — *Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

Let us remember that there is no greater stumbling-block in the way of the reception of true religion . . . than the uncandid, untruthful, unjust, ungenerous deeds, and words, and tempers sometimes seen among men who profess to be and who, in a certain sense, "are not of the world." — *Dean Stanley.*

* * *

The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
  As years on years go by;
Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
  And more stars in thy sky.

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
  Are fading out of sight;
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to certainties,
  Are glowing in God's light.

Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
  Vexing this mortal strife;
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
  Crowning immortal life!

— *Christian Work.*

* * *

Of course sorrow may be so received as only to weigh the life down, and crush it — sometimes even to make it fretful and complaining, and only more selfish than before. But, on the other hand, when sorrow is met with a quiet, earnest heart, have you never seen what a beauty it brings upon the life? I think some of the noblest faces you ever see, are those of people who, as the old word has it, "have come out of great tribulation." The cross is there; you can read the suffering that is within; you know the loneliness, the weakness — but, as you watch, you see the life growing nobler through bearing it. You see the cheerful courage, the tender patience, the loving thought for others, the growing strength, the greater dignity of life. What is all this but that very crown of life "which the Lord has promised to them that love Him?" The cross is there, but even in the steadfast bearing it is changing into a crown of nobler life. — REV. BROOKE HERFORD, D. D., in "Sermons of Courage and Cheer."

* * *

I think we are put into life as into a school; and God, like a wise Teacher, gives us, at first, but simple lessons to learn; so simple, that we may imagine it can be of little consequence whether we learn them thoroughly and faithfully, or not; and yet they are purposely provided to lead us on easily and insensibly to far higher and more difficult things. — *A. D. T. Whitney.*

* * *

A curious mental experience sometimes comes to us. It is as if were taken up on to a high hill from which we can survey all the surrounding country. No longer down on the road along which we have been walking, we are so far above it that we see it in a changed light. Things assume new proportions, and we discern their relative value with wonderful clearness in this purer atmosphere. How small really are some of the obstacles, some of the barriers, which troubled us so long! And other landmarks, which we have heretofore thought of little value, we now see are of the greatest consequence. It may be some great sorrow or some great shock which has put us on this mental elevation. It may be separation from one we love which has opened our eyes to this wonderful inward seeing. Whatever was the cause, the changed new aspect of the chances and changes and conditions of life is something we can never forget or ignore. We may go back to the jog-trot of every-day existence, but our whole point of view of life and its joys and sorrows has changed. Our body performs its daily functions — the eating and drinking, and working, and marrying and giving in marriage go on as before. Our mind sits in its new conditions, and with startled, opened eyes reads the wonderful meanings written under the daily show — sits and reads, and marvels at its former blindness. — *Harper's Bazar.*

BY THE WAY

BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS.

THE nervousness and "high strung" quality of our American temperament is proverbial, as witness the "Don't Worry" Circles, "relaxation exercises," and the hundred other means devised to counteract it.

My own suggestion can hardly boast the charm of novelty. It is merely that we learn to take the good, the rest and refreshment that may come in the guise of a little space of enforced idleness, when the hands that would gladly be doing must for a moment let their work slip from them. It may be that the period of rest is prescribed by a physician, but more often it comes in the form of an interruption, occasioned by a combination of mere trifles. Perhaps it is a pause in the midst of one's household operations, when the housekeeper must sit down for a moment waiting till some forgotten commission be executed at store or market. She may take it in one of two ways: she may fold or wring her hands, lose herself in the pages of a diverting book, or walk the floor, with frequent restless glances out of the window — it all depends upon the temperament, or, rather, the *habit* of one's mind.

Every now and then one comes across a pointed paragraph from some physician, urging upon women the incalculable good to be gained by a few minutes of absolute rest every day. Fifteen minutes so used each day, they tell us, would undoubtedly add some years to our little span of life.

Surely, more than fifteen idle minutes a day come to the most of us. Wayside pleasures they may be made, springing up as they do "by the way," unsought, and often undesired.

As a simple illustration, let us look in on our neighbor, Mrs. Brown. Her soul tormented between a basket of unfinished mending and a vision of unmade pies and unkneaded (only in one sense) bread, she awaits the arrival of a domestic who comes not. The sun climbs higher and the clock wears a more and more reproachful face for the absent Betsey. There is no help for it. Mrs. Brown is tiring herself out and accomplishing little. She must coax her weary frame into a street gown, and give half an hour of her precious time to a ride in the electric car toward the locality where Betsey or some other possible relief may be obtained. *Of course* it is annoying, with that unfinished work crying out to her, and with the next day's Sunday-school lesson unprepared. Nine Mrs. Browns out of ten take the ride in the open car, through the pleasant streets, with knitted brows and hearts beating with vexation. They are quite oblivious to the allurements of tree and flower and chirping bird. Their minds are too busy framing reproaches to be hurled at the faithless Betsey, and their nervous irritability gathers force with every square of the way, till, their destination reached, they feel, as they would probably express it, "ready to fly."

But the tenth Mrs. Brown makes of it a wayside pleasure. It is something she did not seek. It is a time of enforced idleness in a day that she had meant to fill to the brim with accomplishment, yet as it is something she is powerless to help, she will take whatever of good there is in it. So she resolutely smoothes out the little, worried wrinkle in her forehead, reproves her mind for its unreasoning rage at every stop the car makes, and begins to "relax," as the physical culture teacher used to make her do in the old school-room's days. She has not gone three squares before she is quieted, body and mind. The green flowers on the linden trees send a whiff of fragrance in her face as she glides along. The pleasant breeze is like the touch of cool fingers. There is a flash of brilliant color from the florist's at the corner, and she leans forward to take in what she can of the beauty in the few seconds that the car stops. A pretty little girl enters and takes the seat next to her. Mrs. Brown's face by this time is so pleasant that the child smiles up into it, quite unconscious that she is a wayside pleasure, but she is.

Mrs. Brown's destination is reached at last, and if the worriers could only be brought to realize it, the car is not one second later than it would have been if

she had traveled every yard of the way with a perturbed spirit.

What a commonplace instance it is, and yet how immeasurably we would be benefited if we would follow the example of the tenth Mrs. Brown! These moments of enforced idleness which come to each one of us every day of the week — shall we let them rest or weary us? soothe our jaded nerves, or set them "jangling like sweet bells out of tune?"

Washington, D. C.

MRS. DOLEFUL DUMPS

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The moonlight is not fair to her,
She cares not for the scent
Of roses, that to other hearts
Brings gladness and content.

The perfect sunshine is too clear,
The sunset lacks the glow
Of those rare vesper seasons past;
Nor beautiful the snow.

The goodly things that others love
Together now she lumps
Into a mass of doubtful hue —
Poor Mrs. Doleful Dumps!

Say, do you know her? God forbid!
The cares of every day
Would on your shoulders, where *she* frowned,
A double burden lay.

Her very looks so gloomy are
The dooryard trees all sigh,
And poor dog Tray with wagless tail
That mansion hurries by.

Ah! those bound to her kneel and pray
For wisdom, strength and grace;
May miracle transform her soon
To Mrs. Sunny Face!

East Lempster, N. H.

THE LITTLE CHILD

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

[From the pages of the *Outlook* we reproduce the sermon on "Infancy" — the first in a Sabbath-evening series on "The Seven Ages of Man" — preached by Dr. Abbott in Plymouth Church.]

IN the church at Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the great dramatist, is a memorial window, contributed by Americans, illustrative of that famous passage in "As You Like It" on the seven ages of man — "All the world's a stage, and men and women only players." Each scene of this drama of life is represented in this window by a Scripture illustration: Infancy, by the finding of Moses in the bulrushes; Childhood, by the dedication of Samuel in the Temple; Youth, by the meeting of Jacob with Rachel; Early Manhood, by Joshua armed and equipped for battle; Later Manhood, by Solomon on his throne judging between the contending mothers; Old Age, by Abraham entertaining angels unawares in his tent; Second Childhood, by Isaac in his bed deceived by Jacob.

With this window as a text I wish to unfold the story of human life, not as the cynic Jaques interprets it, but as it is interpreted by the great prophetic writers of the Hebrew people.

The story for this evening is familiar and very simple: The birth of the child; the cruel decree that he shall be destroyed; the mother's careful hiding of him until concealment is no longer possible; her recognition of the fact that a babe always appeals to a woman's heart; her resolve to put her babe in the lion's den, but with a lioness to care for him; her cradling of the babe in an ark of bulrushes where the princess is wont to bathe; her setting the older child to watch; the readiness with which this Hebrew girl enters into the design; her apparently artless suggestion that she will look up a Hebrew mother to nurse the child; the summoning of the true mother; and the giving the babe over to her to be his foster-mother until he shall be transferred to the palace and brought up in the wisdom and culture of the Egyptian nobility. This is the simple story — beautiful in its simplicity; more beautiful if compared with the legends which a later Jewish imagination wove around it, only to mar and despoil it of its simplicity.

Let us look into this ark of bulrushes; let us look at this little babe who looks up into our face wonderingly. How shall we receive him?

How strange seems the cruelty of that Pharaoh who could make the law that the children should be killed! and the kindred cruelty of that Herod who fourteen centuries after gave the decree for the slaying of all the male children in Bethlehem! What a horrible paganism, this massacre of the infants in times gone by! Gone by? Have they gone by? If I may trust what the physicians tell me, Herod and Pharaoh are still living, not only as men but even as women. Babes unborn are murdered in the mother's womb. More than once have I been urged to speak from pulpit or from press on this subject, which so revolts the soul of man that his lips hesitate to speak and his eyes turn instinctively away from the horrible tragedy to which even nineteenth-century Christian culture has not put an end. Still the babe is sometimes received in America, and by people who call themselves Christian people, as those other children were received by Pharaoh and by Herod in the years gone by; Rachel not weeping for her children because they are not, but rejoicing because she is freed from the burden of them.

Some receive the babe as a toy. Shelley says any home is lacking which has not a little child rising three years old and a little kitten rising three months old. In that spirit some receive the babe — as they receive the kitten; but by and by, when the claws have grown, they do not like it so well. There is many a father who takes his baby as a toy, to frolic with in the morning before he goes to the office, to play with at night when he comes back, and then tosses the burden off upon the mother, to have no more concern or care for it. A new toy! And we always get tired of our toys; grown people rather sooner than children.

Some receive the babe as an addition to the sin and misery of the world. The doctrine was once wrought into the theology of the church and the teaching of the pulpit that this little child, who looks up into the mother's eyes with its own wondering eyes, and stretches out its little arms to put them round the mother's neck, is hopeless, guilty, under the wrath and condemnation of God, a new revelation of the evil one, a new manifestation of wickedness. It is curious how notions live, die, and then reappear in new forms. This notion that the little child is from its birth stained and corrupted by sin, though driven out of the thought of the church, certainly out of its preaching, reappears today in what calls itself theosophy. I marvel that any woman can ever be attracted toward that strange melange of morbid imagination: according to which the child brings into this life the life of another; has lived before upon the earth; has been tried and tempted; has known grief, joy, sorrow, battle, failure, defeat, sin. According to this theosophy, the little child who looks up into your eyes from the cradle is not a little child, but a little old man; bringing out of past experience all the evils and none of the joys of the past; not, as Wordsworth says, "trailing clouds of glory," but wailing cries of sin and shame. I wonder that every mother's heart does not rise up in indignant protest against this libel on her babe.

Some receive this little child as a great burden, a great and solemn responsibility. These are the conscientious, the faithful, the honest and earnest natures; and one cannot but see much in their spirit to be commended. And yet theirs is not the highest spirit. The fabled Atlas was supposed to carry on his bowed form and bent shoulders the whole globe; but to carry a globe, a material thing, is not so much as to carry one life. If the mother is to think that she must bear the responsibility for this life, that she is to direct it and determine its course and its future, no wonder that she spends anxious nights in watching and in prayer, and is worn by many forebodings. Who would take his stand upon the bridge of one of our great ocean steamers and, without knowing the ocean, its currents, its tides, its winds, or the machinery of the boat he was to direct, would undertake to pilot it safely from one port to another, even across an ocean that thousands have traversed before? Who would take this little child, not knowing what he is, not knowing what the elements of his character are, not knowing what his life is to be, and become responsible to pilot him from this our earthly home to that unknown port of which we have no chart, and the channel to which no man has buoyed for us? No wonder that the cheek grows pale with thought and the brow furrowed and the hair gray.

Troubled mother, do you not know that this little child is God's child? and that you are God's servant? Do you not know that you are no pilot, but only the helmsman, and that God is the pilot who tells you how to steer? Have you never read that declaration of Christ — "Their angels do always stand before the throne of my Father which is in heaven?" Try to imagine that picture for one moment. The celestial city; the more than royal court; the great King on His white throne; the antechamber with the guardian angels bringing up their messages from the earth. The great King says, Who are in the antechamber that wish to see me? and a celestial messenger, beginning with the one he thinks most important, says, "There is one who has come from a great statesman who is directing the destinies of a nation, and who has sent his messenger for counsel;" but the King keeps silent. "There is one from a general on the eve of a great battle, on the issue of which the future of a nation will depend, and he has sent for counsel;" but the King keeps silent. "There is a philosopher who has been wrestling with the problems of life for many years, and he wants to know whether he has gotten the truth and may utter it;" but the King keeps silent. "There is a prophet who is on his way to a great congregation to carry them some message from the great King, and he asks what message he shall carry;" but the King still keeps silent. "And there is one other — a modest angel — standing in the corner of the antechamber, who has come from a little child in the nursery who wants some help;" and the King says, Let him come in! That is Christ's figure. More than statesman, more than general, more than philosopher, more than prophet, the mother may lay hold on the wisdom and the strength of God, and throw the burden on Him! The child in the cradle is God's child.

How, then, shall we take this little child?

We will take him as one who brings a new revelation to us. The children are the great teachers. They bring a new revelation of God and His love. No man knows who God is until he has become a father; for no man knows what fatherhood is until he has felt the pulsations of a father's love in his own heart. The child is the great revelator; and now as of olden time the sign of God's presence is the babe in the cradle.

We will take him as a new gift of inno-

cence to the earth. I repudiate utterly the barbaric conception of the child as depraved. The child is a beam of sunlight from the Infinite and the Eternal; with possibilities both of virtue and of vice — but as yet unstained. In this babe in the cradle there may be a hero or a coward; lips that shall be eloquent with truth or shall pour forth corrupting lies; a fresh breeze from the eternal world sweeping disease and pestilence away, or a new form of corruption bringing new disease. He may be a Moses or a Pharaoh, a Luther or a Torquemada, a William the Silent or a Duke of Alva, a George Washington or a Benedict Arnold. Every life is a march *from* innocence, *through* temptation, *to* virtue or to vice. There is no way in which virtue can be won save by battle; there is no way in which battle can be fought without possibility of defeat. And so in this child there is neither virtue nor vice. Not courage yet, nor truth, nor purity, nor love, nor faith; but the possibility of all.

And, therefore, there is in this child, for the father, mother, brother, sister, friend, a great opportunity. Great is the opportunity of the preacher, who, on successive Sundays, speaks to a gathered congregation, and has earnest Christian faces looking into his own, and eager ears attentive to hear his counsel. But the congregation goes away, and in a little while cannot tell what the preacher has said. Life comes and rubs out the sermon, as a sponge rubs figures from a slate. But to have a little life put into your hands, to be with that little life by day and by night, to shape it, not so much by what you consciously say as by what you are unconsciously in all your influence, example, and life — what an opportunity is this! We receive this little child as a great opportunity to do a part of God's work in the world. What God is doing in this world is making men and women, and when He puts a child in the cradle He says, You may help Me. Wonderful was His work when He said, Out of the darkness let light be, and light shone upon the world; wonderful when on this chaotic mass of moving matter He breathed, and out of it there came the organized globe; when He spake and the rivers and the oceans flowed into the channels and the reservoirs created for them, and the mountains reared their lofty heads; when He spoke again, and from the earth there grew the grass and the trees, with their flowers and their fruits. But the most wonderful work of all was when He said, Let us make man in our image. To us He comes, to us He says, You may help Me do this, the grandest work of all. I will give you the little child, and out of the little child you may make one in the image of God. He says it not only to the mother and the father. He says it to brother, sister, friend, as well. There are some things an older brother can do for a younger brother which the father cannot do; some things an older sister can do for the younger sister which a mother cannot do.

You were once a little child. What have you done with yourself? If we start in life innocent and travel one of two roads, either toward virtue or toward vice, look back along the road you have been traveling and tell yourself what your road has been. You have gained something since you were a babe in the cradle; and you have lost something. What have you gained? What have you lost? You are stronger in muscle, stronger in intellect, stronger in body and mind; but what of the higher nature? Consider Paul's catalogue — faith, hope, love! Have you gained, or have you lost? You remember the time when you kneeled at your mother's side and bowed your head in her lap, and repeated your prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Has God grown more to you or less since then? Is it easier to pray or harder now? Has the experience of life brought you nearer to God and made Him seem more to you, or carried you further from Him and made Him seem more shadowy and unreal? You remember the time when you looked out into life, on all its future, with a great hope. Has hope grown greater or less? brighter or dimmer? Does love seem more real to you? You remember the time when you were not ashamed to put your arms around your mother's neck and kiss her, when love did not seem a thing to be ashamed of. Has love grown dearer to you and sweeter to you, and home more to you, and mother more to you, and friends more to you — or less? You and I were in the cradle once. What have we done with ourselves?

HOW MISS OLIVER KEPT IN TOUCH

"WELL, I hope you'll have a delightful time."

The words were spoken in a doleful tone, and accompanied by a long sigh. Lina Oliver laughed as she looked up from the pile of gauzy summer fabrics on the bed.

"Why, how dolefully you say it!" she said, as she folded a shirt-waist, and laid it on a pile of others which were ready for packing.

"I suppose I'm dreadfully selfish," said Blanche ruefully; "but I can't help it. We miss you so, Miss Oliver."

"As I do you, dear," said Miss Oliver, leaving the pile of dainty garments, and drawing a low willow rocker near the one in which her caller sat. "My thoughts are always with my girls of a Sunday afternoon when I am away on my vacation."

"It's strange how we seem to get out of touch with each other when we are separated for a while," Blanche said, slowly. "Maybe it isn't right, but I always lose interest in the class, and it seems to take so long to get back to where we were."

Quick tears sprang to Miss Oliver's eyes, and she leaned forward suddenly and kissed her caller. The girl had voiced the very thought which had been so heavy on her own heart while she had been making her preparations for her summer holidays. She had even gone to her pastor for advice and sympathy in the matter, and he had sighed as he answered, "We ministers know a good deal about that sort of thing, Miss Oliver. It takes a long time to get into the same relationship after a separation." Now the same thought came with renewed force from one of her own class. What could she do to avoid this falling out of touch, as Blanche had so aptly put it?

"You are going to have a very good teacher while I am away," she said. "Miss Hartley has promised to take the class till I get back."

"But Miss Hartley will not be Miss Oliver," said Blanche, with a smile. "Besides," she added, thoughtfully, "I don't think we ever get on particularly well with a substitute teacher. She knows that she only has us for a few weeks, and we know that we only have her for a few weeks, and some way we don't get into touch with her, and we do get out of touch with you."

"But, dear, do you think it right to indulge that feeling?" said Miss Oliver very seriously. "Miss Hartley is a very able teacher, and we come together on Sundays, not for a pleasant social time, but to learn our Father's will from His Word."

"Yes, I know," said Blanche, a little perversely; "but, you see, no one can help us as you can, because you know our various trials and failures and shortcomings, and you can apply the lessons so well to our special needs."

After her caller had taken her departure Miss Oliver went back to her own room and sat down to think out her problem. She had not forgotten how one time before she had sat in the same room wondering what she could do to stimulate Bible study among her girls, and how her round of Scripture Teas, which had lasted a whole winter, had had made her class one of the best-informed Bible classes in the school. Now she was confronted with a new question; surely there must be some solution.

She took up her Bible, which always lay near at hand, and, opening it, turned the leaves very slowly, reading a verse here and there. Presently her eye fell on the first part of the second letter to the Corinthians, and she began to read, "Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ, unto the church of God which is at Corinth," and the following verses. "Why, I wonder if I couldn't try his plan!" she said suddenly to herself, glancing back over the verses which she had read; "if it was a success in St. Paul's time, I don't see why it shouldn't be now. I believe it would be a good idea, and I'll see Miss Hartley about it right away." An hour later she was ringing the door-bell at Miss Hartley's home.

The Sunday following was the last time that Miss Oliver was to meet her class before their separation for the summer. After the lesson was over, and before going back into the general room, Miss Oliver said: "Girls, I have been learning a lesson from St. Paul during the past week, and I am going to put it into practice this summer."

Of course, every one in the class was all attention at once. One of the tokens of the improved condition of the class was that they gave attention to the teacher instead of discussing fashions and society news during the lesson period.

"I always attend Sunday-school while I am away in the summer," Miss Oliver went on, "and keep up with the lessons, and I think a great deal about my class here. But this summer I am going to try a new plan — at least, it will be new to us, though St. Paul carried it out centuries ago. When he had to be separated from the churches that he had founded, he did not want to fall out of touch with them, and so he wrote them a letter, and and said in it just what he would have said had he been with them. Now, each week, I will study and prepare the lesson just as if I were going to teach it here. Then I shall write down, very briefly, a few of what I consider the leading thoughts for this class, and a few comments on them, and I will send the letter to some one of you each week to be read in class. It will not be long — it will just be a tiny heart-to-heart talk with you

on some of the things which pertain to our soul life. Each Sunday, at this hour, I shall know that you are reading the words that I have sent you, and you will know that I am praying that God will make clear to each one of you the lesson He wishes you to take to heart from the lesson of the day. I have talked to Miss Hartley about this, and she heartily approves of the plan. She is willing to let me have my girls for five minutes each Sunday afternoon, even when I am away," and Miss Oliver beamed on her girls one of the bright smiles that they all knew and loved.

And this plan Miss Oliver carried out during the summer. Week after week she sent a brief but tender letter filled with helpful thoughts to her class, and, to her great joy, week after week brought to her letters from one and another of her girls, opening their hearts to her as to their spiritual life.

"What in the world are you doing, Lina?" asked one of her friends, finding her one morning settled in a quiet corner, with her Bible and journal and a little pile of her girls' letters.

"I am keeping in touch with my girls," she answered with a smile, "and, instead of drifting apart during the summer, I feel that in our very separation we have come into closer touch, in some ways, than if we had been together. Some of my girls have written me far more freely concerning their soul life than they would ever have talked to me. You know there are some things that can be said with the pen that would never be said in any other way."

And Miss Oliver was right. — JEAN G. BOOBYER, in *S. S. Times*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A DRILLING PARTY

OLIVE E. DANA.

NO, it was not at all the kind of company of which you are thinking — there was not a hint of "soldiering" about it.

"I don't want a girls' party!" Samuel had said. "Nor any kind of dress-up picnic. No, not out on the lawn or in the grove. If there was something to do, why 'twould be different. Fellers like to *do* things," he concluded, emphatically.

"Uncle Fred came up and went fishing with papa *his* birthday," Samuel resumed, after a pause, and with a quick glance at his mother. "That was something like!" But the glance, and the recollection of former experiences, convinced him that this hint was futile, and his own face fell, if it were possible, a little lower than before.

"There ain't any fun around here at all, ever!" he declared, disconsolately. And he looked out of the window hopelessly.

"There's Clyde Burton coming up the road, and I do believe he's brought his drill and hammer with him!" he announced, a few minutes later, and in a quite different tone. "And Fred Perkins and Lee Wingate are coming across the fields — and it looks as if they had theirs, too. We boys were talking about it this noon, and I asked 'em to come over, but I didn't s'pose they would. And now we can drill," Sammy added, in a tone of great satisfaction, and he went to put on his overalls and to bring his own tools at once, with just one delighted cat-call to his guests to say that he had recognized them.

Mamma waited to see them well at work before she left the window, and all the time that she was tidying the dining-room, and tending Baby Alice, and changing her own dress for the afternoon, she could hear the sharp "thung-thung-thung" of the drills the six little arms were driving moment by moment a little farther into the ledge which just there crossed the road diagonally, and which the boys "made believe" they would presently blow up with dynamite and a terrific explosion, as the men at work on the highway had done above and below a few days before.

When she had been sewing an hour they were still at work, hot and dusty and perspiring, for the day was warm; and it was only a shower close at hand that sent them away at last, to sit on the piazza and drink lemonade, and eat — I should not dare say how many — sugared jumbles. But mamma filled the plate a second and even a third time very cheerfully, and she let them sit astride the railing, even in dangerous proximity to her cherished brier-rose, while she turned over and over in her mind the splendid idea which had come to her, and which, when in due time it was necessary to unfold it to him, Samuel hailed with approving delight.

Samuel's birthday fell on the thirtieth. Two days before, he carried notes to the mothers of all the lads of his own age in the neighborhood, which were promptly answered in the only way which seemed to the boys themselves conceivable. And in the intervening time Sammy cheerfully ran on errands, and filled wood-boxes, and stoned raisins and chopped mince — collecting, in the intervals, all the drills and hammers the premises held, and borrowing of the neighbors with whom he was best acquainted.

At 1.30 P. M. on Thursday the party came — nine of them — in overalls and wide-brimmed straw hats, and each with drill and hammer in hand. They began drilling at once, and whatever contests of skill or speed they had were of Samuel's own devising, for mamma had declined to act even as umpire in this capacity. The prizes — if there were any — he had provided, and, though a box from the hardware store in town had been suspiciously in evidence, Sammy had volunteered no confidences, and none had been asked.

But it was altogether an amicable contest, with satisfactory issues, and at 4 o'clock, as agreed beforehand, mamma rang the dinner-bell, and the boys trooped into the house, "washed up," rested a bit, then filed out into the arbor, Sammy leading the way. Here was a long clean table — Samuel had disdained a cloth, for it must appear all quite casual — with low benches at hand. And on the table were ten little dinner-pails — one apiece, and not so very small either, and brimful. Working-men deserve good dinners, and by the looks the boys gave these I am sure they were well satisfied.

"Sandwiches — two kinds!" murmured Horace True.

"And raspberry puffs," added Lee Wingate.

"Mince-turnovers and frosted cake, too!" sighed Benny Turner, whose experience of either of these goodies was limited, and who may never have met them, in combination, before in his eight years.

"And saucer-pies," announced Edgar Sampson, who had reached the bottom of his pail in his investigations.

And then, of course, they ate it all.

They had a game or two of croquet presently, and a race down through the orchard and back for a "wind-up," as Sammy said.

And then they went into the library where mamma and May were, with Miss Fay, the teacher, who had wheeled over, bringing her camera, to take the boys at their drilling, she said; and Uncle Fred, who had happened along, too, just in time for tea with the family. He had heard of the drilling party, and he had brought some pictures of his own, photographs of the old Roman roads, and of those the Britains had, some hundreds of years after. He told the boys about them, and of the old colonial highways, also; and of Mr. McAdam and Mr. Telford, the Scotchman, to whom we owe the best examples of our own road-making. The lads talked, too, of the roads we might have and what they would be, and of all the advantages they would bring; and of what builds our highways and keeps them in repair. Oh, yes! the boys knew that. Had they not heard Joe Nicholas, that very noon, as he rode over the bit of leveled and straightened roadway the workmen had just left behind them, grumbling about the taxes that would be to pay that year for what he called "a piece of foolish tinkering?" though they all knew no one in the township was so exacting about road repairs in his own vicinity as he. May had happened to save that rhymed bit of homely wisdom which appeared in one of the weeklies some time since about tax-paying — I cannot tell now the name or author — and Uncle Fred read that to them. And straightway some one else mentioned "The Man without a Country," which nothing would do but Miss Fay must read — in part, at least — then and there, while the lads had their cakes and ices just before going home.

They have had more than one drilling party in Grafton since, with variations. All the little lads were eager to follow the fashion Samuel had set for them, till by and by the minister's boys had one at the parsonage, with their father's stereopticon for the evening, and himself to use it and to talk to them.

"They can't forget it — all of it," said Miss Fay, as she dropped in at the parsonage the day after. "And I don't think one of them, when they're men, will ever be very sorely tempted to elude the assessors, or withhold the naming of anything in his possession, or even grumble because his taxes are more than they were last year — and all because of a drilling party!"

Augusta, Me.

OUR BOOK TABLE

Here and There in the Greek New Testament. By Prof. L. S. Potwin, Adelbert College, Western Reserve University. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago. Price, $1.

The author says that his volume "is not a commentary, but offers itself as a supplement to the commentaries." Many of the more difficult passages of the New Testament have been critically studied, and the results appear in this volume. Some of the chapters were published in the *Andover Review*, the *Journal of Biblical Literature*, and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. We are pleased not only with the writer's thorough scholarship in his department, but with his unchangeable loyalty to the truth as he discovers it. This is indicated in the following paragraph addressed to ministers: "Do not be over-anxious about the usefulness of what seems to be the meaning of a passage. The first thing is to find the *true* meaning; then the usefulness will take care of itself. The apparent sermon-producing power of a text is not always its genuine spiritual power. That is the practical aim of all good exegesis, and it comes only from the truth." This is one of the volumes that the critical minister will do well to place within elbow reach.

Christ in the Industries. By William Riley Halstead. Curts & Jennings: Cincinnati. Price, 75 cents.

This is a fresh, vigorous and suggestive volume The author has studied the problems without prejudice and close at hand, and he treats them in a refreshingly interesting and helpful way. There is no rant, cant, or useless invective. He strives to do justice to all parties in interest. He has imagination, and puts truth in fascinating but just pictures, so that his pages are eagerly read. It is one of the best books upon the lines treated that we have received for many a day. The general divisions of his subject are: "The Dignity of Labor," "Social Transformations," "Some Friends of Labor," "Industrial Problems," "The Fortune of Labor in America."

The Hundred, and Other Stories. By Gertrude Hall. Illustrated by Albert E. Sterner and W. H. Hyde. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1 25.

A collection of five short stories comprises this book. The subjects, scenes, and characters of the tales are diversified and unconventional, and a certain simplicity in theme and treatment is, perhaps, the distinctive feature of the work. "The Hundred" is a Christmas story, with a curious flavor of Dickens imparted to it by the character of Tibbie, a little girl from the dark world of the tenements. "The Passing of Spring" is a story of the change from youth to manhood, in which the passage describing Fraisier's meditations illustrates the author's power of poetical expression. "Paula in Italy" describes the pathetic and unexpressed love of a German countess for an Italian musician, and concludes with her supernatural appearance to him after her death. "Dorastus" is a study in heredity, in which the undertone of sadness is relieved by the final happy triumph of a mother's love. "Chloe, Chloris, and Cytherea" is a fanciful and delicate love story.

Toward the Glory Gate. A Story of Soul Growth. By Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut Street. Price, $1.

In April, 1896, the American Sunday School Union offered $1,000 in two prizes, as provided under the John C. Green Income Fund. One prize was $600 for the best book, and the other $400 for the next best book, written for the Society, on "Forming and Maintaining Character on the Principles of the Bible." To this story was awarded the *second* prize. It shows how right principles controlled some noble women, who were trying to answer worthily the question what God would have them make of themselves, and what He would have them do for their fellow-beings. We are introduced to a group of eight ladies, gathered on the veranda of a summer cottage. They are by no means commonplace women, but rather the reverse. Several are college graduates, and their talk is of literature, art and high themes. But there is at least one "commonplace" girl among them, and of course she becomes the heroine of the story. She is sensible, free from morbidness, and not too good to make herself companionable. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright is the well-known author, having written and published upwards of seventy works, chiefly stories.

The Story of Photography. By Alfred T. Story. With 38 illustrations. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

The amateur and the professional cameraist both will be benefited by this wonderful story—the half of which is not generally known. The book is not intended to teach the art of photography, but to give its scientific aspects in its intimate connection with solar physics, spectrum analysis, chemistry, optics and electricity. Its achievements in the past are the theme of the story, which does not hesitate to foretell the wonderful possibilities of the future.

The Zend-Avesta. Translated by James Darmesteter. Part I. The Vendêdâd. Part II. The Sêrôzahs, Yasts, and Nyayis. The Christian Literature Co.: New York.

This is another of the sacred books of the East, translated by leading Oriental scholars and edited by the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller. The completion of this second edition of Professor Darmesteter's translation of the Avesta has been interrupted by the sudden and untimely death of the author. Fortunately, he had already revised the proof-sheets of his translation of the Vendêdâd, and completed his manuscript of the "Introduction" and "Fragments." E. W. West, who completed the work, says of the author: "I am convinced that it would be difficult to find a sounder scholar, a more brilliant writer, and a more estimable man, all united in the same individual."

Thirty Studies in the Revelation of Jesus Christ to John. By Professor Wilbert W. White, of the Bible Institute, Chicago. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York, Chicago, Toronto. Price, 35 cents.

These outlines of study in the Revelation are invaluable for students of the Bible. They are comprehensive and clear, indicating the keynotes to the interpretations of St. John's great work. A helpful chart is prefixed.

The Prisoner of Chillon; and Other Selections from Lord Byron. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Charles Maurice Stebbins, Instructor in English High School, Salt Lake City. Leach, Shewell & Co.: New York, Boston, Chicago.

Byron's great narrative poem has been carefully and critically edited by Professor Stebbins as one of a Students' Series of English Classics. The work will be found valuable as giving a thorough understanding of the poem, and also for its additional selections from other of the poet's works, revealing the best side of his genius.

Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression. Designed for the Use of Classes in Grammar and High Schools, Academies, and Normal Schools. By S. S. Hamill, A. M., Chicago, Author of "Science of Elocution," formerly Professor of English and Elocution in Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill. Eaton & Mains: New York. Curts & Jennings: Cincinnati. Price, 60 cents.

As a book intended to meet the wants of the many, this work shows intelligent and careful preparation. It is a help to the cultivation of a "voice soft, gentle and low;" for the utterance of thought and feeling with purity of vocal expression; and for the acquirement of easy, graceful and agreeable manners.

Providence in America; or, The Problems of Self-Government. By Clarence A. Vincent, minister First Congregational Church, Sandusky, O. The Alvord-Peters Co.: New York.

That the hand of God is as plainly to be seen in the movements of American history as in the records of the children of Israel, is the animus of the writer. His earnest wish is to direct the attention of the American people to their peculiar mission as the noblest type of a Christian nation. Such thoughts are of special timeliness when so many problems are awaiting solution as now, both within and without our political economy.

Whether Black or White, a Man. By Edith S. Davis. F. H. Revell Co: Chicago and New York.

This is one of the most notable books recently issued. It deals with the color line and the caste question in the Southern States, and does not ignore the prejudice against our colored citizens in the North. The story is one in itself of absorbing interest from the start to the finish. The hero as first introduced to the reader is a little colored boy, an orphan and a cripple, but the grandson of a white man of much political distinction who at one time was governor of his State. The boy has an insatiable desire for an education. He cannot go to school, but he has a friend, a little older than himself, who attends one of the schools taught by a Northern lady; and this companion brings to the eager boy from day to day such scraps of instruction as he has been able to pick up, and which are eagerly absorbed by the little cripple and of which he makes the most. But the process is a slow one; the second hand teacher is far from a genius, and he stumbles much in his own little learning and still more in its impartation to his more brilliant pupil. But the case comes to the knowledge of the teacher of the school, who takes the young aspirant in hand. He now makes rapid progress, and in course of time, by an influence his benefactress is able to exert, he is sent North. He enters college and distinguishes himself there. He graduates, and in process of time goes to Europe. He gradually attracts attention for his scholarship and becomes noted as a writer. After his return to his own country, declining several promising situations in the North, he determines to devote himself to the good of his race in the South. Of course he has to contend with almost infinite difficulties and to suffer all sorts of indignities, but he commands respect among the more reasonable class of even white people. There have been coming into the story certain other parties of whom there is not space to speak at large; but among them is a young lady in whose veins there is a small trace of

Mrs. Rorer

"I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

SARAH T. RORER,

Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.
Editor Cookery Department, Ladies' Home Journal.

Cleveland's

Baking Powder

is used by all the leading teachers of cookery.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York

African blood, but who is a legitimate child of wealthy and cultivated parents, and who has been educated in Europe and is highly cultured as well as very beautiful. To her our hero becomes betrothed. In the meantime with so much ability and dignity does the young man bear himself, that a portion of the white people nominate him for Congress, and as the canvass progresses there is a practical certainty of his election. But the coarser and more brutal element, led on by vile men of influence, form a mob, make an assault by night, and foully murder their victim.

Many of the situations are of a most vivid dramatic character, though always simple and never unnatural. One of the chief characteristics of the story is that many of the scenes described are actual, and came under the writer's observation while she resided in the South as a teacher in Clark University; and there is probably not one which has not been substantially matter of fact. But the story is "a story with a purpose," and the purpose is kept constantly in view, and that, too, without interfering with the natural movement of events. It is intended to illustrate the incalculable iniquity and cruelty of the caste spirit which exists in the South. At the same time it does not spare nor apologize for the spirit of prejudice against the colored people which prevails to so large an extent in the North. It is not a plea for an unnatural and impossible equality of degraded blacks with cultivated white people any more than of illiterate and degraded whites with the refined and cultivated of their own color; but the author demands that manhood shall be recognized wherever and in whatever measure it exists, and in whatever outward embodiment it presents itself. The book can hardly fail of the best effects on any candid reader, and its influence must be wholesome to the last degree.

G. M. S.

Magazines

— A strong but a very interesting number is the August *Forum*. Brooks Adams, author of "The Law of Civilization and Decay," writes ably and wisely upon "The Spanish War and the Equilibrium of the World." James Schouler is well prepared to present the subject which is pertinent and exceedingly important — "New Constitutional Amendments." Prof. See, of the Lowell Observatory, Arizona, has an exceedingly interesting and important contribution upon "The Future of Great Telescopes." There are beside these several other equally important and readable papers. (Forum Publishing Company: New York.)

— The *Missionary Review of the World* for August presents, as the editor's contribution to the "Spiritual Movements of the Half Century," "Systematic Christian Work among Soldiers." Rev. Charles E. Faithful, of Madrid, Spain, presents a pertinent contribution upon "The Moral and Religious Condition of Spain," which is illustrated. Robert A. Hume, D. D., so well and favorably known, writes upon "Dissatisfaction with British Rule in India" — a contribution that will challenge general attention. The regular editorial departments are interesting and instructive. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York.)

— A fine portrait of Major General Nelson A. Miles is given as the frontispiece in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for August. "The United States Army" is the topic of the opening article, which is written by Frederick Stone Daniel, and is profusely illustrated. The personal reminiscences of "Don Carlos," the pretender to the throne of Spain, with family portraits, will be read with vivid interest. Lillian D. Kelsey takes us on "A Holiday in Antigua," the capital of the Leeward Islands. "The Jews of the United States" is the subject of the ninth paper in the series upon the "Religious Denominations of America." Charles Thomas Logan describes Kansas City in the American Cities Series. "War Envelopes" is full of curious interest. Besides the foregoing there is the usual amount of stories and poems. (Frank Leslie's Publishing House: 42-44 Bond St., New York.)

— The *Arena* for August is a breezy number. The editor, John Clark Ridpath, writes upon "The United States and the Concert of Europe," and presents his own portrait. F. E. Daniel, M. D., considers "The Criminal Responsibility of the Insane." "The Churches and Social Questions" are considered under the following heads: 1. "Manhood in the Pulpit," by Rev. George W. Buckley; 2. "The Religious Press and Social Reforms," by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee; 3. "The Church and the Masses," by T. S. Lonergan. B. S. Flower writes strongly upon "The Proposed Federation of the Anglo-Saxon Nations." (The Arena Company: Boston.)

— The *Homiletic Review* for August is a very suggestive number, especially to the preacher. Dr. William Garden Blaikie writes well, as he always does, upon "Illustration in Preaching." Prof. William C. Wilkinson presents a critical but appreciative study of "Dwight L. Moody as Preacher." Dr. J. F. McCurdy continues his illuminative series upon "Light on Scripture Texts from Recent Discoveries." The other departments are well sustained. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York.)

— *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for August presents a table of contents of unusual variety and strength. Among the noteworthy contributions the following should be mentioned: "Uses of the Camera in Zoölogy;" "The Evolution of Colonies;" "Women in Science;" "The Romance of Race;" "Education for Domestic Animals;" and "The Training of Mentally Deficient Children." (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

MRS. LYNN LINTON

BY the death of Mrs. Lynn Linton, following at less than a year's interval on that of Mrs. Oliphant, the elder generation of English women of letters has been brought almost, if not quite, to a close. We doubt, at any rate, whether there still survives any writer of distinction and of the same sex whose first published work dates back to within the former half of the century. Both Mrs. Linton and, though some seven years her junior, Mrs. Oliphant, began their literary career in the forties, and both pursued it with indefatigable energy, though at very different rates of production, till the very end of life. One of them had closely approached, the other had actually passed, the "golden" anniversary of her wedding with literature, and with both it had been a prosperous union, great as was the disparity in the respective numbers of their offspring. The accomplished writer who has just passed away leaves behind her less than a third of that amazing tale of works — not far short of one hundred and twenty in all — which the bibliographer has had to append to the name of Mrs. Oliphant; but it was from want neither of industry nor of facility that, in the record of her fifty odd years of literary labor, she fell so far short of her predecessor. Her deficiency more probably lay in that gift of invention which her contemporary possessed in such extraordinary measure. Mrs. Linton's was essentially a critical rather than a creative mind; she was a born controversialist, keenly interested in the social questions and theological issues of her time; and at a comparatively early stage in her career she showed a tendency to use the novel as a vehicle for the advocacy of her very decided views. Such a practice rarely makes for permanent success in fiction, and it is not surprising either that she should, even at the zenith of her powers as a novelist, have made her chief mark upon literature by her famous and caustic criticisms of "The Girl of the Period" rather than by the novels which she was then pretty plentifully producing; or that in later life when such vogue as she had enjoyed in this class of work was beginning to depart from her she should have devoted herself mainly to journalism, and even to that branch of it which concerns itself with the current social topics of the day.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Mrs. Linton, who was a woman of wide reading, and, as she showed in a recent contribution to our columns, full of an appreciative love for the great classics of literature, did not feel herself recalled in the evening of her days to those literary studies for which the inspiring talk of Walter Savage Landor first aroused her girlish enthusiasm. One could even wish that she had retained her interest in those greater social and spiritual problems of humanity which she handled in "Joshua Davidson." But, as it was, she devoted her last days to a controversy over certain questions of female conduct and manners which, though she could never bring herself to see it, are largely transitory in their character. It was some slight consolation that the tirades which she poured forth in such profusion on this subject — tirades of unmeasured vehemence and indiscreet exaggeration, but full of stirring rhetoric and biting satire — at an age which had considerably exceeded the span fixed by the Psalmist, displayed the splendidly tenacious vitality of her intellectual powers and once more demonstrated the extraordinary looseness of King David's actuarial computations. On the other hand, the passion of these diatribes tended to produce false impressions of a nature which was really one of singular gentleness and benignity. The wildest of Mrs. Linton's "wild women" would have been personally quite assured of the same mild treatment at her hands as My Uncle Toby bestowed upon the fly. "Go poor" (let us say) "creature! the world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." And so it was, and is, though this vigorous and brilliant writer was often tempted to write as if it were not. — *Literature.*

Ministers Speak

They Tell What Great Things Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Done for Them and Their Children — Read What They Say.

"By a severe attack of diphtheria I lost two of my children. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic both for myself and little girl and found it most excellent as a means to restore the impoverished blood to its natural state and as a help to appetite and digestion. I depend upon it when I need a tonic and I find it at once efficacious." REV. C. H. SMITH, Congregational parsonage, Plymouth, Conn.

"Our eldest child had scrofula trouble ever since he was two years old. His face became a mass of sores. I was finally advised by an old physician to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and we did so. The child is now strong and healthy and his skin is clear and smooth." REV. R. A. GAMP, Valley, Iowa.

Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson VIII

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1898.

2 KINGS 5: 1-14.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

NAAMAN HEALED

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.* — Jer. 17: 14.

2. DATE: B. C. 890; or 852 (revised chronology).

3. PLACES: Damascus, the capital of Syria; Samaria, the capital of Israel; the River Jordan.

4. CONNECTION: Two miracles wrought by Elisha — the poisoned pottage prepared for "the sons of the prophets" at Gilgal rendered harmless; and the multiplication of the barley loaves and corn during the famine.

5. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — 2 Kings 5: 1-7. *Tuesday* — 2 Kings 5: 8-16. *Wednesday* — Mark 1: 35-45. *Thursday* — Luke 17: 11-19. *Friday* — John 9: 1-11. *Saturday* — Rom. 5: 12-21. *Sunday* — 1 John 1.

II Introductory

Our lesson contains one of the most beautiful and instructive episodes to be found in the earlier Record. King Benhadad, of Syria, had a general whom he highly prized — Naaman — "mighty in valor," the deliverer of his nation; but yet a man whom neither honor nor riches could make happy, for he was a leper. He had in his household a female slave — a young Hebrew girl, who had been captured in one of the forays across the border, and who waited upon his wife. The maid had been trained in the faith of Jehovah. She knew about Elisha, and the wonderful things God had wrought through him. She felt sure that he had power to heal her master, and expressed this confidence one day to her mistress. Her words were reported to Benhadad. The king at once decided to send his favorite to the wonder-working prophet. Supposing, of course, that a man of such endowments would be enrolled among the royal dependents, and exercise his functions only in obedience to a royal command, the Syrian king wrote a letter to King Jehoram, informing him that he sent therewith his servant Naaman to be healed by him of the leprosy. Naaman made the journey to Samaria in great state, attended by a numerous retinue, and not forgetting the usual propitiatory gifts of treasure and garments, which in this case were princely in amount and value. The consternation of Jehoram, when he read the letter of the Syrian king to his counselors, is graphically depicted. Rending his clothes, he demanded, "Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send to me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Evidently, he concluded, his motive was to pick a quarrel in asking such an impossibility.

Jehovah's honor might have suffered in this case, has not Elisha heard of the king's dismay and sent him a significant message. Jehoram had forgotten about the true God and His power; let Naaman be sent to him (Elisha), and "he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." The proud general, vexed doubtless at his reception at the palace, drove in state to the prophet's humble door. He had thought it all out just how he would be received — such a man as he: This man will hasten to greet me with the most respectful salutations; he will show his high sense of the honor I confer upon him by coming to his house; he will take his stand and invoke his God in some mumbling incantation; then he will wave his hand up and down over the leprous part and I shall be healed; and then I will condescend to reward him. But his thoughts were vain. No prophet appeared to greet him. No consideration whatever was shown him — nothing but a servant, who told him to go to the Jordan, bathe seven times, and he should be healed. This was too much for the haughty Syrian. He flew into a rage, and turned his chariot from the door. "Bathe seven times in the muddy Jordan! What mockery! If a river bath is all I need, are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" He would tarry no longer. He would go back home. Israel should pay for this slight.

But Naaman's attendants were more sensible than their master. They gathered about him. They asked him to think it over. How gladly would he have done some "great thing" at the prophet's bidding — why not, then, an easy thing? Naaman was persuaded at length. He humbled his pride, drove to the Jordan, dipped himself in its turbid waters, and rose, after the seventh time, sound and whole. "He was clean."

III Expository

1. Naaman — mentioned only in this chapter. The name means "pleasantness," or "the good fellow." **Captain of the host** — commander-in-chief. **King of Syria** — Benhadad II. probably: Syria at this time had for its boundary, on the north Cilicia and Mount Amanus, the Euphrates and the Desert of Palmyra on the east, Palestine on the south, and the Mediterranean on the west. **A great man with his master** — occupied a high place in his confidence, and held high offices under him. **By him the Lord had given deliverance** (R. V., "victory"). — In the Hebrew conception all nations were under Jehovah's control, and militayy success or defeat were ascribed to Him. Hence, to the writer of the Book of Kings, Naaman's eminence was traceable to the good fortune which Jehovah had granted him in permitting him to deliver his country from the foe. To the Syrian king, on the other hand, Naaman probably appeared to be the favorite of his god Rimmon. What the "deliverance" was that he wrought, is not clear. There is no foundation for the rabbinical tradition that Naaman was the man whose bow, drawn "at a venture," had slain Ahab. Rawlinson finds on inscriptions at Nineveh indications of an Assyrian conquest of Syria about this time, and conjectures that Naaman had been successful in breaking this foreign yoke. **A mighty man in valor, but . . . . a leper** — a "but" that ruined all. Vain all his valor, renown, wealth, with life poisoned at its very fountain. Apparently the Hebrew law of utter seclusion for the leper did not exist in Syria.

2-4. Syrians had gone out by companies — maurading bands, crossing the frontier for plunder. **Brought away captive.** — No tenderness was shown in these hostile incursions in those days. A predatory band made short work with a hamlet, murdering without mercy the aged and the helpless, seizing whatever spoils could be easily carried, and not forgetting a choice captive or two for the slave market. **A little maid** — a young girl, not necessarily or probably a child. **Waited on Naaman's wife.** — Probably, therefore, she was beautiful or graceful; but her real worth did not lie upon the surface. **She said unto her mistress** — forgetting her own sad captivity in her sympathy for her new and afflicted master. **Would God.** — Oh, that it might be God's will! **My lord were with the prophet . . . in Samaria** — Elisha, who had his residence in the capital city, but itinerated throughout the country. **He would recover him of his leprosy** — using her own Israelitish idiom, the same as that used in reference to Miriam's restoration (Num. 12: 15): "He would *gather him* from his leprosy." Her faith was remarkable, and had no precedent to lean upon, so far as we know. There is no record of either Elijah or Elisha healing a leper till we come to Naaman's case. What if she had made a mistake in his case? It required courage, too, to sound the praises of a foreign prophet, dwelling in a hostile country. **One went in.** — Judging from the connection this "one" (a word supplied in the text) was probably Naaman himself, who, informed by his wife of the maid's confidence in the prophet, and eager above all things for cure, conferred upon the matter with his king.

5. Go to, go — equivalent to, "Very well, go," *i. e.*, to Israel. **I will send a letter unto the king.** — Being a king, he will deal only with a king. The prophet was, in his notion probably, nothing but a wonder-worker, a dependent of the king, obeying him as the magicians obeyed Pharaoh. **Ten talents of silver** — between sixteen and seventeen thousands of dollars. **Six thousand pieces of gold** — "shekels of gold," according to Rawlinson. Coined money came later, in the time of Cyrus. Bagster gives $18,000 as the value of the gold. **Ten changes of raiment** — costly robes, very acceptable as presents.

6. Brought the letter. — In a straight line the distance is reckoned at 110 miles from Damascus to Samaria. Evidently the art of writing was in use at this time, and the Syrian and Hebrew tongues were not so diverse but that conversation and correspondence could be intelligently carried on between people of the two countries. **King of Israel** — supposed to have been Jehoram, son of Ahab. **Now when this letter.** — The introduction and conclusion are evidently omitted; only the principal message is given. **Sent Naaman . . . that thou mayest recover him** — that is, that you may order your chief of magicians to effect his cure.

7. Rent his clothes — in alarm and indignation at what he considered an affront put upon him by the Syrian king. He knew nothing of the circumstances that led to this abrupt and extraordinary demand. **Am I God, to kill and make alive?** — Does the Syrian king look upon me as God, that he asks me to do what only God can do, who giveth life and removeth from life at His sovereign pleasure? To the king of Israel leprosy was "the parable of death," incurable by human means, yielding only to supernatural power. **Consider, I pray you** — spoken probably to his counselors. **See how he seeketh a quarrel.** — He asks of me an impossibility, as a mere pretext for renewing the national quarrel.

8, 9. When Elisha . . . . heard. — Naaman's arrival at the palace gate doubtless attracted attention and stimulated curiosity. The nature of his errand and the king's consternation would soon become public. Elisha would thus hear of it. **Sent to the king** — following, undoubtedly, some divine intimation to interfere in the matter. **Let him come now to me** — not uttered boastfully, but simply with the purpose of vindicating Jehovah's honor both before the heathen general and his apostate king and country-

men. **A prophet in Israel.** — Jehoram had indignantly disclaimed the power to exercise the divine prerogatives, but he had ignored the presence in his capital of one who did represent Jehovah, and could, in that capacity, even "kill and make alive." It was well that the king should be reminded of the prophet's existence and power. **Naaman came with his horses and chariots.** — He probably did not relish being sent from the palace to the humble abode of the prophet; but he took care not to leave any of his state and retinue behind him. If he must go to Elisha, he would make the impression upon him that no *common* patron of his skill had deigned to wait upon him.

10. **Elisha sent a messenger unto him** — Gehazi probably. It was a cutting but wholesome rebuke to the haughty arrogance of Naaman that the prophet did not even come out to meet him; that all his display of rank and grandeur was wasted. Of course, there were lessons for Naaman in this behavior of Elisha toward him. Elisha was not afraid of his leprosy. He was acting under divine instruction, and the first step in humbling the Syrian's pride and preparing him for his cure, was for Elisha to decline to see him. Neither his grandeur nor his gifts were to purchase for him healing, but his obedience; and before he would obey his pride must be humbled. **Wash in Jordan seven times** — a very simple, but a very unpalatable, direction.

11. **Naaman was wroth** — at the slight put upon him, the indifference with which his rank and pomp and credentials were treated by this unknown prophet, and the seeming frivolity of the directions given to him. **Went away.** — Burning with anger, he turned away from the prophet's door, intending probably to give up any further effort and to return to his own land. **Behold, I thought.** — As he turned his chariot he probably gave vent to his feelings aloud, and his servants heard his words. An Oriental in his rage is not apt to be reticent. **He will surely come out to me.** — Certainly Eastern manners gave him a right to expect *that;* and especially in his case — a great general, and bearing royal credentials. **Call on the name of the Lord his God** — "Jehovah his God." Naaman had rehearsed in his own mind all the details of Elisha's expected behavior. **Strike** (R. V., "wave") **his hand over the place.** — His leprosy was, apparently, local.

12, 13. **Are not Abana and Pharpar, etc.** — If a river bath be all I need, why not the pure crystal streams of my own land, rather than the waters of this muddy, Israelitish Jordan? — a truly rationalistic argument, true to human nature today. God's commands are still met by a "Why this?" and a "Why not that?" Abana, the modern Barada, rises in the high tableland east of Damascus, crosses the plain, and a part of its waters are diverted and flow through the city in seven streams. The Pharpar, the modern Awaj, flows about eight miles south of the city. **Servants came near** — fortunately not blinded by pride, as their master was. **If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing** — a soothing, most sensible, and most convincing way of putting the matter. Yes, he would have obeyed the prophet then. It would have refreshed him to have undertaken some great exploit — but only left him prouder than before. **How much rather then?** — If you would gladly obey him in the greater, how much rather in the less!

14. **Then went he down** — persuaded by his servants and surrendering his own prejudices and pride. The land descends from Samaria to the Jordan. **Dipped himself seven times** — obeying the order to the letter. "'Seven' is the stamp of the works of God" (Keil). **His flesh came again, etc.** — The ulceration and disfiguring scars all disappeared, and the flesh beneath was as fresh and healthy as that of a child.

It is in keeping with the ideas of the age that the grateful Syrian should ask leave to carry back to Damascus two mules' burden of earth, to build an altar to Jehovah upon the soil of his own land; on which alone, men would then think, He could be rightly honored. . . . . He makes only one request more, and this the prophet, with a fine anticipation of Christian charity, tacitly grants: When his master, leaning upon his arm, required him to go into the temple of Rimmon, and he had to prostrate himself before the god, he trusted it would not be reckoned as disloyalty to Jehovah, whom alone he would henceforth really worship. Gehazi's punishment for treacherous meanness, which compromised not only Elisha, but the true religion itself, is a fitting pendant to the story (Geikie).

IV Inferential

1. God's grace, even under the Jewish dispensation, was not restricted to "the peculiar people."

2. Many an outwardly successful life has its concealed "but," which spoils all.

3. When brought into straitened places, God generally has something for us to do or say.

4. If the leprosy of the body be loathsome, and incurable by man, how much more so the leprosy of the soul!

5 "Men invent a God in their own minds, and go to the Bible to see if they find the same God there; if not, they reject Him" (Shedd).

6. Men are willing to do "some great thing" for their salvation, but are unwilling to accept the simple provisions of the Gospel.

7. What losses has pride caused!

8. Those who bathe in "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," rise to "newness of life."

An Unmistakable Reaction

THAT an unmistakable drift and reaction in what is known as the "young people's movement," to which recent attention has been frequently called in these columns, has set in, is discerned by our excellent contemporary, the *Watchman*, in the following paragraph: "Is the day of the monster religious convention passing away? It seems to be. This year the Christian Endeavor Convention dwindled to quite modest proportions, and though there were local and accidental reasons for the great falling off in attendance, they do not altogether account for it. The Baptist Young People's Convention, held last week at Buffalo, was the largest ever held in the history of the movement, but the leaders earnestly discuss whether it would not be wiser in the future to hold biennial conventions. Two or three years ago those who indulged in the comments upon monster conventions that are now made by their promoters would have been put out of the synagogue."

An English Idea

Americans who are familiar with the famous English "scandal chair" will be delighted to learn that a similar piece of furniture has been projected in this country called the "Darby and Joan chair," of which an engraving appears in another column of this issue in the announcement of the Paine Furniture Company. These Darby and Joan chairs are the most sociable things imaginable, and we predict a great popularity for them, especially in view of the fact that they have been produced in willow ware which is very inexpensive. Our readers should not miss seeing one of these interesting pieces of furniture.

Did anybody anywhere ever object to a Macbeth lamp-chimney?

But get the Number made for your lamp. Get the Index.

Write Macbeth Pittsburgh Pa

NEW MUSIC BOOKS

Sacred Songs No. 1,..... .....$25 per 100
Church Hymns and Gospel Songs, ... 25 per 100
Royal Hymnal for Sunday Schools,.....30 per 100

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. New York City and Chicago

Harvest Chimes A new Autumnal Service for Church and Sunday Schools, with three *Patriotic Numbers* added. Highly interesting all through. 80 cts. per doz.; $4 00 per hund. Send 5 cents for specimen copy.

ASA HULL, 132 Nassau St., New York.

BASS POINT, NAHANT.

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by

Lafricain's Naval Brigade Band.

Boston's Favorite Seashore Resort.

Grand Harbor Trip.

Best Fish Dinners.

Every Attraction for thorough enjoyment

Steamers leave Lincoln Wharf, Commercial St., (Weather permitting)

For BASS POINT.—9.30, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.20, 3.30, b5.00, 6 30, 8 15 p. m.
Return.—10.30 a. m., 12m., 3.45, 5.15, 7.00, 9.30 p. m.
For NAHANT.—9 30, 11.00 a. m., 12 30, b2.20, b3.30, 5.00, 6.30 p. m.
Return.—b8.00, 11.00 a. m., 12 15, b1.30, b3.25, b4.35, b6 00 p. m.
bExcept Sundays.

FARE, 25c. CHILDREN, 15c.
Take Ferry Cars. Special Rates to Parties.
A P. LANE, N. E. Agt., 301 Washington St., Boston.

SPECIAL RATES —TO— Chautauqua AND Return $14.20

For the Round Trip during July and August, 1898.

For Tickets, sleeping car accommodation, and other information apply to

O. W. JORDAN,
N. E. Passenger Agent, Erie R. R.,
268 Washington St, Boston, Mass.

EPWORTH ORGANS & PIANOS
For Homes and Churches. No Agents. Shipped direct at factory prices. SENT ON TRIAL—no money wanted until instrument arrives in good order and is found as represented. *Catalogue Free* if you mention name and address of your Pastor as reference. Williams Organ & Piano Co., Methodist Book Concern Bldg., 57 Washington St., Chicago.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS, Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND SEE THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

JACOB'S VISION

MRS. ANNIE B. SMILEY.

JACOB had come over the hills from "Veterans' Camp" to get his evening paper, which comes down with our mail from the Harbor. While waiting for the mail he accepted our invitation to sit down in one of the big rattan rockers on the piazza and have a neighborly chat, for Jacob and his wife and "the old un" are our nearest neighbors.

After disposing of the Spaniards and making plans for the Government in its Cuban question, we reached the topic of unfailing interest at Sunapee Lake, and that is "the fishin'."

"We're goin' to hev good bitin' for three days now," Jacob said, with a mighty smite of the fist on the arm of the chair, which is a favorite gesture of his.

"What makes you think so?" we ventured to ask.

"The signs is right," Jacob answered, oracularly; "and besides, I've dremp it two nights a runnin'. The fust night I see my poles a bendin' clean down to the water's edge, and last night I see a salmon jest as plain as I see you."

"Do you always have a vision before making a good catch?" we asked, for local fishermen place great stress on the reliability of Jacob's visions.

"'Most allus," he answered. "Why, 'twas me that fust found out the deep fishin' in this lake. I've fished here boy and man for forty-six years; but 'twas sense the war thet I found out thet the best fishin' is down eighty foot deep."

"I suppose they fished near shore before that," said the minister's wife.

"Yaas, they did, and when I told Rev. Charles Newton — a Methodist minister, mind ye, and a presidin' elder — that I'd had a vision an' seen big trout down eighty foot deep, he laughed at me an' called me a fool. But he liked fishin' an' agreed to go with me to the place I'd seen in my vision, down to the west side of Great Island near Split Rock, an' try our luck. For all he didn't believe in my vision, I noticed that he took a hundred feet of new rope along, so as to anchor in deep water. I let him throw out the anchor when we got to the place, an' I let down my line, and before the anchor tetched bottom I had a four-pound trout on my line, an' I landed him all right, before we'd been there ten minutes."

"Did Mr. Newton get any trout?" we questioned as a starter for a new story.

"Yaas, he did, the next day, when we caught seven between us that weighed more'n twenty pounds, and brung us in a good sum of money. Why, one season I went snucks with another man, like a fool, and we made $87.50, but I did all the ketchin', while he got half the money. But he's dead an' gone now, poor man, an' he died a good Christian, an' giv me his field glasses thet you've seen me use."

Sad memories kept Jacob silent for a minute, but at last he resumed: —

"I found all these fishin' places around here in the same way, by seein' them in visions. I caught the first salmon out here to my buoy," and he pointed with a sweep of the hand to "Jacob's pork barrel," which forms a part of our front yard, "and then the other fishers begun follerin' me around, and one man paid me well for takin' him out in my boat, for he almost allus ketched a good fish from my boat."

We smiled as we thought of Jacob's boat, which was built a quarter of a century ago by this same fish-loving presiding elder, Rev. Charles Newton, who later sold it to Jacob. It is shaped like a corn-crib and sets well up in the water, and the heaviest waves scarcely rock or tip it. With Jacob rowing, and "the old un" (a pensioner and boarder of Jacob's) sitting in the bow, while Mrs. Jacob and her beloved cat occupy the stern seat, it forms a picture that once seen is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The mail came and Jacob took up his lantern and departed, leaving us to wonder whether we should have "three days of good bitin'."

We wonder no longer, for this morning before breakfast a fine salmon was caught, and it now reposes in our ice-box waiting for the brace of trout which the presiding elder is almost sure to get, for more than twenty beauties have already been caught by him.

If any of the readers of ZION'S HERALD are contemplating a fishing trip to Sunapee Lake, let me tell them in confidence not to start with any expectation of success until Jacob has "had a vision."

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

NEW TESTAMENT SANCTIFICATION

J. W. HUNTOON, M. D.

REV. B. SHERLOCK recently contributed an article on the above subject in which he gave various passages of Scripture to sustain his view that sanctification is a separate work of grace. The passages he gave, however, if they have any reference to the question, are entirely incomplete in establishing his views; and it is a lamentable fact that most writers following the same vein are exceedingly vague as to proofs. Now, while every Christian man, and especially a Methodist, ought to be ashamed not to believe in the doctrine as taught by Wesley and others, in the main, and every man ought to be ashamed not to live up to the doctrine, yet the question of the necessity of God's saving grace through Christ and His atonement, taking several different times and seasons to accomplish the work, is an irreverent and degrading view of the power of Divine grace and the Holy Spirit; and it is another question to assume that there is not power enough in them to make a man "every whit whole" spiritually at once as Christ and the apostles did in raising the dead and making men whole physically. Christ did not teach any such thing, but said, "According to your faith, be it unto you." That really covers the whole ground. It is sad that there is so much confusion in reference to this fullness of the blessing of Christ; it must come from the bewildering teaching of men. Christ taught plainly the necessity of repentance and the new birth; and can any really intelligent Christian believe that if repentance and faith were not sufficient to secure at once the fullness of the blessing, He would not have told us plainly, and not left us to the beggarly straits of this class of second-blessing writers? There is much more ground to expect that the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead must be done by instalments, and at least as much Scripture to support it, if indeed there is any to support either. As good a Scripture to support such a theory as any our reverend friend has given to support his, may be found in the direction given the disciples to "pray" for their sick brethren, "anointing them with oil," with the promise that they should be healed. This might have been in instalments, but the writer does not believe in that necessity. Men, however, are so often deceived by the arguments of others, and more often deceive themselves as to the meaning of their past experience and present condition, that they are liable to change their views *pro* and *con* as we so often see; and we are often pained by hearing men claim with apparent sincerity that they have experienced this blessing so and so, and that all men must secure it according to their formula, and before we get through conversation with them they show beyond question that they not only have not experienced the great change they claim, but that they have not even learned the first principles of the religion of Christ, some of which are humility and patience. Christ says

Dyspepsia Degrades

its victims. It puts them in the power of the weakest organ of the body and makes them its slaves. They must eat to suit it, drink to suit it, and live a lenten life of self-denial.

AYER'S PILLS

have cured many bad cases of dyspepsia—they will cure you, if you are suffering from that disease.

Mrs. H. B. Anderson, 15 Williams Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

"Ayer's Pills cured me of dyspepsia from which I had suffered for three years. They beat every other medicine."

AYER'S PILLS Cure Dyspepsia

to such, "Ye fools, and blind, for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?" Now, every well-informed Christian must know that when a man lays everything upon God's altar and claims the efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ, his offering will be accepted fully and without delay. Less than that, or the necessity of delay, would make the provision incomplete, and would be less than an intelligent man would expect unless he was beclouded by these vain teachers; and the writer fearlessly asserts that every intelligent Christian who looks over his past experience will find that Christ did make him every whit whole if he submitted all to Him, whether it was at his first repentance or at some later period, or at many later periods, for this, like every other blessing and valuable possession, may be lost, and may need to be regained. Every Methodist ought to know this and be on his guard; and every intelligent Methodist knows, whenever he has fully laid all he has, or is, or expects or hopes to be, on God's altar, that He accepts the gift, and in every case fulfills His part of the contract.

It is true that our great apostle Wesley was at times somewhat confused upon these subjects, as we have sometimes been confused, and as all men are liable to be, but that does not make God unfaithful or His provision of grace unable to restore a man fully at once. Indeed, Wesley, who was great enough to change his views if need be, so taught in his later years. And Paul says to the Corinthians, "Ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and in the Spirit of our God." It might well be noticed here that the word "justified" comes after cleansing and sanctification, not before, as many of our friends now vainly insist. Indeed, the Bible position will be found by critical study to be that all who are justified are also sanctified. They cannot be justified until they have submitted themselves to God and been accepted of Him, which is sanctification, and the best definition yet given of holiness is "that condition of man wherein the love of God rules." Mr. Sherlock incorrectly assumes that Paul was converted before Ananias came to him and said to him, Receive thy sight and the Holy Ghost. Our reverend friend, like many others, talks much about the blessing of Pentecost. That event cannot be overestimated, but it was an inspiration for apostleship, or at least discipleship as teachers, and should not be degraded to the idea of a personal privilege or blessing; it is of a higher character. John informs us that Christ breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosesoever sins ye forgive are forgiven," etc. This was after Christ's ascension, and He was qualifying His disciples for a special work, not for their selfish benefit. Paul at Ephesus found certain disciples and he said unto them: "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed? And they said unto him, Nay, we did not so much as hear whether the Holy Ghost was given." "And when Paul had laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came on them" (Acts 19: 2 and 6, R. V.).

The great importance of this subject is, that it is leading so many poorly-informed young converts into dire confusion, and causing them to doubt sometimes whether they are converted at all, when in reality many of them have received already all that our good friends have received who talk so much about the second blessing. The ambiguity of these friends' teachings makes it seem difficult for young converts to judge whether they have secured what is for them, or whether they have secured and lost it. It is to be hoped that writers in future will be less ambiguous; that they will teach young converts and all others that the grace of God through Christ is sufficient to make them every whit whole as soon as they lay themselves on God's altar and exercise true faith; and if by unfaithfulness or want of watchfulness they lose a part of their high estate, they may immediately regain it by renewedly consecrating their all upon God's altar, knowing "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

A most lamentable fact often observed is that these modern insisters of the necessity of the divisions of these gifts — or the second blessing, as they call it — generally by this insistence lose their efficiency for bringing men to repentance and faith in the Saviour. Statistics will show this to be a fact.

The writer is confident that the positions he has here taken are true; and he anxiously hopes that some person or persons who have the time and ability (which he has not) will take the pains to formulate these important facts better than Wesley did, owing to his multiplied cares, and better than any writers have since, so that our young people and others will not be left in that confused state of mind into which they have recently been plunged by writers and worse talkers whose zeal so far exceeds their knowledge and wisdom. God grant it!

Lowell, Mass.

EXPERIENCES OF A NONAGENARIAN

MR. E. M. BAYLIES, of Richmond, Ind., writes under date of June 16, as follows: —

"I was born in Edgartown, Mass., Nov. 13, 1809, and was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1827, during the pastorate of Rev. Jotham Horton. I voted for Henry Clay in 1832, and took ZION'S HERALD before and at the time it was sold to New York, again in 1835, and every year since. I expect to take it as long as I live; think it is the best religious paper published. We read it, then give it to a neighbor; he reads it and gives it to the next.

"Seventy years ago the eighth day of August, 1827, on the little isle of Martha's Vineyard, I was born again, adopted into the family of heaven, made heir of eternal life. My father was a Congregational preacher, and I was baptized in infancy and brought up in that church. I cannot remember the time that I did not pray, until, when I was about twelve years old, I read a Calvinistic book which gave me to understand that my prayers were an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and I dared not pray any more. The present generation knows nothing of the chilling influence of the old Calvinistic doctrine of election and reprobation.

"In the early spring of 1827, one Saturday evening, one of my young associates told me that the Methodists, who were holding meetings in the houses of their friends, were having a revival, and that quite a number had been forward for prayers, among them one of my most particular friends. It made an impression on me. The Spirit of the Lord asked me three distinct questions: 'Do you ever expect to get religion?' My answer was that I did. 'Must there not be a time to commence?' I said yes. The next question was, 'When?' 'Now, Lord, Thy face I will seek. I will seek Thee until I find Thee, if it is to the day of my death.' That moment I re-commenced a life of prayer. The next Thursday evening, by invitation of the Methodist preacher, I went for the first time to a Methodist class-meeting. I was more than four months a sincere seeker; I will not tell the trials and conflicts during those four months, I will simply say that after I was converted I was never once tempted to leave my first love.

"The Sunday before my conversion is a day I ever remember. The morning sermon was from the text, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.' That afternoon I sought a retired place for prayer, away down on the seashore, and there, all alone with my Maker, I bowed in the white beach sand and poured out my soul in humble, fervent prayer. I was deeply in earnest. I promised the Lord everything if He would convert me. I would pray, and then get up and walk the beach, then kneel again and again. Darkness prevailed. The heavens seemed brass. The next Wednesday was a different day. I can never forget it. I was impressed all the day long that God was about to give me His blessing. I went early to the prayer-meeting. It was held in a private house, the same house where I first went to class. The

NIAGARA VAPOR.. BATHS...

We are the original manufacturers of portable Vapor Baths.

We have, during the last ten years, supplied thousands of our Baths to physicians, hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and we are now, for the first time, advertising them direct to the general public.

IN BUYING A VAPOR BATH Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. If a manufacturer does not show you a cut of the frame without the covering, you may take it for granted that his "steel frame" is a wire hoop that rests on the shoulders of the bather.

Get one that is covered with proper material. Insist on seeing a sample of material before ordering. We make our own covering material and print it with a handsome "all over" pattern of Niagara Falls.

Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't go it blind — a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you.

Get one that you can return and have your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

Send for sample of material and interesting booklet that will tell you all about Vapor Baths.

Vapor Baths are an acknowledged household necessity. Turkish, Hot Air, Vapor, Sulphur, or Medicated Baths at home, $5. Purifies system, produces cleanliness, health, strength. Prevents disease obesity. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, LaGrippe, Malaria, Eczema, Catarrh, Female Ills, Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Troubles. Beautifies Complexion.

Price of Niagara Baths, $5.00.

JONES & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT G. W. AGENTS WANTED

rooms were well filled. As I knelt in the opening prayer, I said, 'Lord, Thou art as able and willing to bless me now as at any other time.' The tempter said wait. 'No,' said I, 'Lord, Thou art as able and willing to bless me now as at any other time.' And then I put up this prayer of consecration and of faith: '"Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do." I believe that Thou dost *now* accept me through Jesus Christ my Lord.' As that prayer went up the blessing came down. I was completely filled with such love, joy and peace as cannot be told; it must be experienced to be known. I was surprised. 'What does this mean? Here I am on my knees, laughing. What will folks think of me?'

"'O sacred hour, O hallowed spot,
Where Love Divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart still lingers round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.'

"After awhile I got the consent of my father to join the class. When I wanted to join in full I went to him again, 'Why,' said he, 'Edgar, you are young and you do not know what you may be.' 'Yes,' I said. 'Father, I know what I am now. Now I am a Methodist.' Then he said, 'Join the Methodists, and make a good Methodist. Take an active part in all its doings. When you speak in meeting, speak with pith and then sit down.' The first Sunday in May, 1828, I with about twenty others was received in full connection in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for the first time partook of the holy sacrament. I was then one of the youngest members; now all of that number have gone to their long home; I alone am left. What a change in seventy years! Then the Methodists in the United States numbered about three hundred thousand, now they number more than five millions; then one Methodist preacher had a college education, now they number thousands; then nearly every door was closed to the preaching of the Gospel, now nearly every door is open.

"After some years I was appointed a class-leader. There were six classes in that place, and the one that I led consisted of about twenty-five members and met every Thursday evening. They were a united, devoted, happy company. It was our custom, after giving in our testimonies, to have a special season of prayer for holiness, sanctification, perfect love. All present would lead in prayer. It was not long before one young sister obtained the blessing and told her happy experience in a Tuesday evening prayer-meeting. I was not there that evening. The next morning I met a brother, and the first thing he said was, 'Abbie has got it.' 'Got what?' said I. 'Full salvation, perfect love. Such an experience as she told last evening I never heard in all my life. Sister Abbie was gifted in prayer and exhortation, and was a power in the church as long as she lived. Her experience came home to me. 'Here,' said I, 'is a member of my class who has an experience that I have not. How can I lead this class unless I am made holy?' The Holy Spirit came immediately to my help, and gave me such a spirit of prayer for holiness, for full salvation, as I never had before. Every breath was prayer. I had no condemnation, but an anxious desire for full salvation. A few days after I made the consecration — the full consecration — and laid all upon the altar. Thanks be unto God, I have never removed it! Then I was expecting the blessing. There is something besides consecration. We read, 'The just shall live by faith.' A few days after was Fast Day. Instead of going to meeting, I took my pocket Testament and in a place of secret prayer I plead the promises. How long I was pleading I cannot tell. It seemed to me that I threw myself out of self, right upon the promises, and by faith claimed the blessing. Such a sense of the Divine Presence I never felt before nor since. It seemed to me that I was in the immediate presence of Jehovah. I felt completely overwhelmed. I arose from my knees. All I could say was, 'Glory! Glory! Glory!' and that in a whisper. The good work of the Lord went on in that class. Others came in possession of perfect love. Our class-meetings were like going up the Mount of Transfiguration. God met us and blessed us in a remarkable manner. It was a time of revival. The converts so crowded our class that we had to divide, and then divide again. That is now nearly sixty years ago. Since that I have not walked in darkness, nor by moonlight, but by bright sunlight. I have had my trials and conflicts; but doubts and fears I have had none.

"Now I know

"'I am near the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.'

All of my oldest Christian associates have passed over. That tells me that I must soon follow; but 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"'And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.'"

SUNDAY CAMP-MEETINGS

REV. J. M. FROST.

METHODISM so far as we have ever known has never attached a camp-meeting to any place as a secondary and subservient matter by which to raise the value of any real estate and procure the sale of lots with the expectation of making money for the interested parties. Such accusation may have been made, but we doubt if ever it has been established. But as an adjunct to the camp-meeting, land has been bought and laid out in lots and a little village developed into a summer resort for which the camp-meeting authorities are responsible. Serious problems affecting the good name of the church have thus arisen. Almost invariably such places pass out from under the exclusive control of the godly men who with zeal in the Master's cause originated the enterprise. By means of questions concerning town roads, or about wharves, or such privileges as lighting and sewerage and hotel accommodations, or even by simply the rights of cottagers and residents upon the ground, compromising relationships have arisen in the natural course of events which tax the ingenuity of the church to satisfactorily explain. The residents of this community are by this time a mixed multitude, and the pious nucleus of the movement are too righteous to rule the less godly element with arbitrary blue laws or a rod of iron, for this would be opposite to their nature and destructive to the best interests of the place.

Preaching must be provided for this people, but in spite of all the hopes of the founders, the place has become a little city and the preaching must be on the same terms as that in any city, with the surrounding Sabbath-desecrating incidents; and, just as at home, preaching must secure financial support and must be held when it will reach the most people, for however many or whatever crowds it appeals to, it will probably wish it could reach as many more and that for the highest and purest motives. To accuse the church of covetousness and gross worldliness for considering the financial problem in this important way would deny it the right of common sense and the use of business principles. When, then, the officers in charge of a camp-meeting deem it best to continue it through the Sabbath in order that it may be more of a success even financially as well as spiritually, they are simply doing for the camp-meeting community exactly what they do for their own city every Sunday. The time has come when we must reconcile ourselves to work anywhere that we have the opportunity, under circumstances as they exist. To withdraw the camp-meeting from a certain spot because it has become a summer resort and thoroughly secularized, savors a good deal of mediæval monasticism, and would be as short-sighted policy and wisdom as to demand that all the canteens should be removed from our army camps before religious services should be held in such places. If brethren think they are compromised, as if by their presence at a Sunday camp-meeting they sanctioned the evils there, what about their presence anywhere Sunday or week-day, at home or abroad — does it sanction the iniquities that may prevail?

Some of us who have known the ideal camp-meeting of the past — if there ever was such a thing when all the outside facts were brought to light — when every day was a quiet, Sabbath-like day, and nobody from a distance must come in on Sunday, are in a transition state, hardly ready for the new conditions that are upon us, scarcely ready for the demands of an aggressive and independent evangelism. But when I mean to

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY	Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN	Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS	Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK	Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR, ECKSTEIN	Cincinnati.
ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION	New York.
SOUTHERN, SHIPMAN	Chicago.
COLLIER, MISSOURI, RED SEAL, SOUTHERN	St. Louis.
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS CO	Philadelphia.
MORLEY	Cleveland.
SALEM	Salem, Mass.
CORNELL	Buffalo.
KENTUCKY	Louisville.

LET us send you a pamphlet giving information concerning paint—the kind that lasts. It is made from Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil.

Pamphlet also contains samples of colors or shades made with Pure White Lead (see list of brands) and Tinting Colors, and gives full directions for mixing and applying them.

National Lead Co., 100 William St., New York.

keep the Sabbath day holy myself and am associated in camp-meeting enterprises with men of like heart, then I am free to go anywhere, and I am at liberty to denounce everywhere the sins of the people and the place, without compromising myself in any particular. Praying for a Greenback Party Convention did not make Camp-meeting John Allen a Greenbacker by any means, and preaching to Sabbath-breakers does not necessarily make me *particeps criminis*.

It is wicked for the world to break the Sabbath by idleness, travel, and pleasure-seeking, but it is just as wicked for the church not to do all it can on the Lord's Day to lift the sheep out of the pit. One of the most serious indictments against Sunday camp-meetings is to the effect that they draw away attendance from the churches in the immediate vicinity. This makes the meeting seem a conspirator against the interests of the church and also of the Sabbath — a double offence. If as at an Annual Conference the people want to go for the good they will receive on an extraordinary occasion, and if they can go without being law-breakers, they must be trusted and allowed liberty in this respect, and the preacher's mind must not become subject to jealous and sensitive emotions that will lead him to oppose anything outside his own work even if for the edification and blessing of his flock. The Sunday camp-meeting, being a necessary and good thing, cannot possibly be open to the accusation of making anybody sin, however many may break the Sabbath to attend it. The tree of knowledge of good and evil did not make Adam sin. Sunday excursions do not make the children of God sin; only sinners sin by them. Around sinners, who yield to temptation on every available opportunity, as many restraints as possible must be thrown, but such hedges are secondary to the high standard that after all to be virtuous they must be able to stand in the midst of all allurements and not sin, if it give them the opportunity even to hear an angel preach. If we cannot, during the whole year beside, lead our churches where they can be trusted to do the right thing, then we ought to rejoice that some other voice has a chance at them and their conscience on camp-meeting Sunday.

When we attempt to justify the camp-meeting Sabbath as sincerely as we have tried to antagonize it — and we owe this much to ourselves and the cause at stake — we shall many of us find, with the writer, that taking the larger view is the most consistent and most strongly fortified position that we can hold in this period when adaptation to our times is mistaken for conformation to the world.

Bangor, Me.

HOBSON'S ADDRESS IN NEW YORK

HOBSON immortalized himself in sinking the "Merrimac," but he has revealed his greatness in superb qualities of mind and heart since his release. Though lionized everywhere, he has in no instance lost his head, but has manifested a charming modesty, intellectual balance and self-control. The New York *Times* notes this fact with much force in saying:—

"No man probably ever had more opportunities to show himself lacking in perfect discretion and the truest of good taste than Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson has had since his return from Santiago, and yet, though he has been under the close inspection by day and by night of critics whose bumps of sentimentality and reverence are decidedly inconspicuous, he has so borne himself as to prove that his heroism is but one of numberless good qualities. The Lieutenant was exposed to temptations of two varieties, so widely dissimilar that the virtue which saved him from yielding to either of them simply made the other the more dangerous. On the one hand, a weak man — and many a hero is that — might have lost his head amid the storm of praise and applause in which Lieut. Hobson has been living ever since he landed, and, honest pride turning into vain conceit, his fame would soon have been replaced by the ridicule which every poser, however great his achievements, merits and receives. On the other hand, a commendable desire to avoid the peril might easily have inspired a display of surly impatience with cheering crowds and a discourteous refusal to recognize the sincerity and value of all their troublesome attentions. Between these two rocks Lieut. Hobson has steered even more skillfully than he did between the headlands at Santiago Harbor. He has been both modest and patient; he has neither exaggerated nor underrated the meaning of the attentions which he has received, and — but what's the use of trying to be stately? — he is all right, and that is praise enough for anybody."

Lieut. Hobson presided at a meeting in New York last week and made an address. We present the report of the very interesting event as it appears in the columns of the Boston *Herald*: —

Never in its history has the great auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House held such a wildly enthusiastic audience, and never have its walls rung with such thunders of applause as those which tonight greeted Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the "Merrimac," who presided at the meeting for the benefit of the families of soldiers and sailors.

Lieut. Hobson delighted his audience and discovered the possession of an entirely unexpected talent by proving himself to be an orator of rare dramatic force. For more than half an hour he held the great audience spellbound, while in the simplest language and with few gestures, but with wonderful force and pathos, he told the story of his immortal exploit in the harbor of Santiago. Throughout he made no reference to the part borne by himself, almost the whole of his thrilling story being devoted to the eulogy of his gallant companions, and of the magnificent bravery and implicit obedience in the face of death of noble seamen.

A glory of flags was draped on the fourth box on the left-hand side, reserved for the use of Lieut. Hobson's mother and sister, and the union jack about the speakers' stand in the centre of the stage. The 71st regiment band occupied the orchestra.

The entertainment opened with Fanciulli's descriptive fantasie, "A Day with Roosevelt's Rough Riders." Suddenly there was a stir on the stage and the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" as Hobson appeared, leaning on the arm of Chairman John Byrne. Instantly there was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The whole audience rose to its feet; men and women stood on the seats waving flags and handkerchiefs and cheering and applauding with all their might.

When the tumult had in a measure subsided, Mr. Byrne, president of the association for the relief of soldiers' and sailors' families, made his opening address, and then briefly introduced Lieut. Hobson as the presiding officer of the meeting. Lieut. Hobson, who was in simple evening dress, advanced to speak, when the audience again rose and the house fairly shook with the thunder of applause. Speaking of the bravery of the jackies of the navy, he said: —

"I feel that certain features of the incident in which jackie played his part well should be referred to. It is known that when the call was made for volunteers to go on the 'Merrimac' [the name evoked a storm of applause], the men literally fell over each other to volunteer. [Applause.] When the chosen men had been assigned to stations on the 'Merrimac' the directions were for those who had certain duties to lie flat on their faces, to others to stand by the anchor gear, and others by the torpedoes, and there were two in the engine room. The directions were that no man should pay any attention to the fire of the enemy.

"It was agreed and understood by all that no one should look over his shoulder to see where the projectiles came from — that no attention was to be paid to them. It was understood that if wounded no attention should be paid to it; that the man should

Irritable Stomachs

make irritable people. A food that is nourishing and that does not cloy the appetite is

Somatose

Somatose is a *Perfect Food, Tonic* and *Restorative*. It contains the nourishing elements of meat. Prepared for *invalids* and *dyspeptics* and those needing nourishment and a restored appetite. May be taken in water, milk, tea, coffee, etc.

At druggists' in 2-oz., ¼, ½ and 1 lb. tins.

Pamphlets mailed by Farbenfabriken of Elberfeld Co., 40 Stone St., New York City, selling agents for Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

AARON R. GAY & CO.

Stationers and Bank Book Manufacturers.

ACCOUNT BOOK

Of any desired pattern made to order.

122 State St. BOSTON.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
E. W. VANDUZEN CO., Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.
Only High Class, Best Grade Copper and Tin
Full, Sweet Tone Cheapest for Price Fully Guaranteed and Chimes. No Common Grades. The Best Only.
CHURCH BELLS

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS.
HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER
MENEELY & CO. PUREST, BEST GENUINE BELL-METAL
WEST-TROY, N.Y. CHIMES, Etc. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.
UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

ZIONS' HERALD

Founded 1823

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Per Year, Postage Prepaid.	$2.50
Ministers and their Widows.	1.50

THE DATES following the name of each subscriber indicate the year and month to which it is paid.

DISCONTINUANCES. — Papers are continued until there is a *specific order* to stop, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

SUBSCRIBERS wishing to stop a paper, or change direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent and the one to which they wish it sent.

REMITTANCES may be made by Money Order (post-office or express) Bank Check or Draft. When neither of these can be procured, send money by Registered Letter.

FOR ADVERTISERS it is ONE OF THE BEST MEDIUMS that can be employed for NEW ENGLAND. It has probably 80,000 readers in educated homes. Cards with advertising rates sent on application.

Specimen Copies Free.

All letters of Remittances or relating to Renewals and Subscriptions, and other Business Matters connected with the paper, should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

place himself in a sitting, kneeling — in any — posture, so that when the signal came he would be able to perform his special duty. And, friends, they lay there, each man at his post, until the duty of each was performed.

"Out of seven torpedoes we had five. The others, with their connections, had been shot away. When the steering gear had been shot away the projectiles were coming in one continuous stream, but the men quietly lay there, doing their duty as they had been instructed. [Cheers.]

"When an explosion came from under the starboard quarter, and we began to sink, and the anchor had been carried away, and we were settling slowly, because only two torpedoes had remained intact, when for ten minutes or more the group lay on their faces, and actually the fire of the enemy made the deck tremble; when it was a question whether the fragment of a shell would end the lives of all, then the simple order was given, 'No man move till further orders.' If there ever was a condition when the principles of 'each man for himself,' or jump overboard, was justified, it was at that moment. But not a man quailed."

The audience could not contain itself — it rose and cheered wildly again and again.

"A few moments later," continued the young orator — for such his delivery showed him to be — "when the same group was in the water clinging to its catamaran, and the enemy's boats came peering about with their lanterns to find something of what they thought was left, then again the impulse to get away was strong and justifiable. Then again the simple order was given, 'No man move till further orders,' and then, for nearly an hour, these men stood, every one of them, self-contained.

"The next day, when there was a reminder of the Inquisition to get information from the prisoners, an impertinent question was put to the prisoners by an officer. Charette spoke French. When the question was asked, 'What was the object of your coming here?' Charette, drawing himself up, said: 'In the United States Navy it is not the custom for a seaman to know or to ask to know the object of his superior officer.' [Tremendous applause.]

"Now, friends, if you will draw the proper deductions and regard these men as single types of the whole fleet; if you will properly look upon these little incidents as the condition in the fleet where the personnel was ready, and is ready, to do anything, then I will not have spoken in vain, and you will have a complete idea of the sailor." (Great applause.)

OUTLOOK OF MISSION WORK IN JAPAN

REV. JULIUS SOPER, D. D.

WONDERFUL changes have come over the spirit and dreams of the Japanese the past year. The revision of the treaties with foreign powers, and the nearness of their coming into operation, have acted as a mighty stimulus to mental activity. The "mixed residence" question has been thoroughly discussed in all the newspapers, secular and religious. The Japanese think, if we may judge from some of the newspaper articles, that great and far-reaching changes will result from the opening up of the country to foreigners. That great changes will take place in the long run goes without saying, but that these changes will follow immediately is a doubtful question. At any rate, the anticipation of this event — putting the revised treaties into operation — has wonderfully quickened Japanese thought. Many are awaiting with almost breathless interest the arrival of the long-looked-for event. Some hail it with undisguised delight; but some (especially the Buddhists) look forward to it with trembling. They are on "the anxious bench." They are afraid it will give Christianity an undue advantage — at least, give it an opportunity of propagating its teachings as never before. The times indicate great moral movements among the people. Many are dissatisfied with the present situation, and are looking around for a better and nobler way.

The running after foreign ways and customs, such as we witnessed in 1883–1888, will probably never be repeated — it is to be hoped so — but the study of the English language is coming into vogue with an intensity seldom known before. All the English schools (mission as well) are being crowded with students eager to learn the English language. We have received about sixty new students in our Aoyama schools since the first of April last. What a grand opportunity for work among the young! While most of the students come to us mainly to get a knowledge of the English language, they very cheerfully comply with all our rules and regulations by attending the religious exercises every morning (where we have singing, prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and Bible exposition, or a moral or religious lecture), and taking Bible and moral teaching twice a week in the regular school work. A large number come to our Sunday-school and Sunday services. We have over one hundred and fifty students in our Aoyama school. One-third are Christian. Lately quite a large number have become inquirers and probationers. We have a special meeting for the students every Friday evening, besides the regular weekly prayer-meeting.

Not only has a new interest in Christianity sprung up among the student-class, but our churches, both in the city and the country, are feeling the effects of this new movement. The feeling now very generally prevails among a large number of the more thoughtful and intelligent that the hope of Japan lies in something better than the old codes of the old religions of Japan. Moral and religious activity is not likely to keep pace with this intellectual activity of the young; still, the signs of revival and evidences of renewed interest in moral and religious subjects have not been so observable for seven or eight years. We all feel the good time is coming when we shall see wonderful displays of Divine power in all parts of the land. Preachers and people are awakening to new life and to the realization of new possibilities in the near future. Never were our preachers more in earnest and more anxious to do the Lord's work. We have had some excellent meetings in a number of our churches. In a two weeks' meeting held at Ginza, our central point in Tokyo, some time ago, over seventy gave their names as inquirers and probationers, some of them showing signs of genuine conversion. Rev. T. Ukai is pastor. And at our Mita Church (Tokyo), as the result of a protracted meeting, over thirty young men have come out on the Lord's side. All of these may not become genuine Christians; still these straws show which way the wind is blowing. Mr. Vail, of Nagasaki, writes: "Our school is full and prosperous. Eight students were converted a few days ago." May the blessed work go on!

In addition to these hopeful and encouraging signs, we have had during the year good work in other parts of Japan — in Otaru, Sapporo, Hakodate. At Hirosaki, near the northern end of the main island, a blessed work was carried on for several weeks in January, resulting in the quickening of the church members and the bringing in of a large number of probationers. Other places might be mentioned, but this is enough to show that we are on the eve of great changes in Japan.

We celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary at the coming Conference. As we look back over the past twenty-five years our hearts go out in profound gratitude to God for all that has been done. While much has been accomplished — a grand and glorious beginning made — there is yet much land to be possessed. We are still in the evangelistic state, ours is still a "mission" field. We have a few well-organized churches, but we have not yet reached the churchhood state. During the next twenty-five years we hope to see scores and hundreds of well-organized, prosperous and aggressive churches. Pray for us!

Tokyo, Japan.

For General Debility

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. R. D FAIREX, New Orleans, La., says: "I have almost universally seen good effects produced by it in diseases of the male organs of generation, general debility and pulmonary diseases."

LARKIN SOAPS AND PREMIUMS. FACTORY TO FAMILY
The Larkin idea fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample Soap if mention this paper.
Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

Indiscretions in Eating

cause **disordered stomach, foul breath, headache** and **constipation.** These ills can be prevented or cured by the timely use of that *most palatable* medicine, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

50c. and $1.00. TARRANT & CO., Chemists, New York.

THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

East Deering. — The work is being pushed heartily by the handful of interested souls under the care of Pastor Matthews, who is much encouraged by large increase of attendance at Sunday services over last year. Mrs. Matthews is greatly improved in health and will be of much assistance to her husband in many ways. This is one of the many country charges stranded by the onward march of the times, carrying the people away with the southward and westward movement of the star of empire.

East Lempster is another place of similar sort, and here our young brother, Rev. W. A. Hudson, with a sick wife, two children, and a horse, in some way or other manages to live on a claim of $300 per annum besides the use of the parsonage house and garden. Mrs. Hudson, since her injury last winter, has been seriously ill and is able to sit up very little at present, although her physician expresses hope of her recovery. Any one with a surplus dollar can be sure it is well invested if bestowed here. Throughout July Mr. Hudson held Sunday afternoon preaching services in distant districts and had for the month an average attendance of 21 in these places. The work is to be continued.

Contoocook and *Webster* make for the diligent pastor a regular Sunday drive of about sixteen miles and three services. He is cheerful, expecting success to attend his labors here in striving to win the careless sons of men to an interest in the way and word of God. At neither place have the people been able as yet to make any estimate of the claim, but say they will do the best they can to give the minister and his wife and horse a living while they stay.

St. James', Manchester, is reported as doing very well for the vacation season. The pastor, Rev. C. Byrne, has moved into the society's house, on Pine and Penacook Streets, and hopes to see the King's business prosper.

Claremont Junction Camp-meeting Association will this year expect a large increase in attendance because of the Summer School which opens Monday, Aug. 15, and for which the railroads make special rates all the way to Concord and Milford as well as in Vermont. Drs. Watkins of Lynn, Durrell of Nashua, Alexander of Newport, Robins of Dover, and Bryant of Washington, D. C., will be special attractions during this week, while during the camp-meeting (for which the special rates hold good) Drs. Hough of Vermont Conference, Mason of Cincinnati, and Rowley of New Hampshire, will be among the good men of God who will, we hope, win and hold souls. Miss Josephine Paine of Korea will also be with us, and Mrs. F. V. Chapman of Tennessee — all workers "In His Name."

The Kearsarge Interdenominational Gospel rally follows immediately at *Wilmot,* and will, we trust, be an occasion of conversion and renewed consecration of many souls, under the faithful ministry of Messrs. Robins, Locke, Francis, Felt, Gile, Aiken, Prosser and others.

SIRRON.

Concord District

Laconia, Trinity. — Rev. C. E. Eaton keeps things moving here. Congregations are very fair. The hard struggle is along financial lines. There are a faithful and loyal company who are doing their best. Mr. Pulsifer, one of the founders of this society, is in poor health.

Personal. — Rev. E. Snow writes that he hopes to be able to take up his work by Sept. 1. All his friends unite in this hope.

Plymouth. — Here is a territory large enough for an old-fashioned circuit, seven miles by fifteen. Rev. J. H. Emerson has found the people of this charge. He has seen about every family, and had made, at the second quarterly meeting, 180 calls. Last year he was invited to preach at Temple St., Boston, one Sabbath during the pastor's vacation. They repeated the invitation this year, and on July 31 he was with them for service.

Weirs. — The work is going finely here. The enthusiastic pastor is in labors abundant. He has fine congregations, and everything betokens a splendid year.

East Tilton. — An earnest company, composed almost entirely of women, *man* the work of this charge. They are doing well. Their finances are far in advance of last year. Rev. F. O. Winslow, a student from the Seminary, is pastor.

Laconia, First Church. — The spiritual tone is excellent. They have decided to repair only as far as they can raise the money to pay the bills. At present about $300 will be expended, nearly all of which is on subscription. This will fix the roof and belfry and paint outside. Rev. A. L. Smith had charge of the holiness camp-meeting at Hedding, and is to lead the singing at the Weirs meeting.

Stewartstown and *Beecher Falls.* — Here is a large tract of country where the chief dependence for pastoral care is on the Methodists. Not a very large number of the people are in church relation with us, but with proper care and earnest evangelistic work many can be brought in. Rev. A. W. Frye is diligently pushing the work.

The "Top of the Conference." — All northern New Hampshire above Lancaster might be so styled. But especially does it describe all northern Coos County. Pittsburgh is the extreme north point. It has two preaching places. The chief one is in the village, while the other is near the outlet of the Connecticut lake some five or six miles further away. Large congregations gather at both places. At our last visit the Sunday was rainy, and after the rain ceased it was still cloudy, but a congregation gathered that packed the church. The work is moving well. Rev. W. S. Frye is in favor with the people. They are rallying to his support, and we have good hopes for Methodism here.

While in this region, in company with the two Brothers Frye and Rev. G. W. Farmer and wife, we drove to Metallak Lodge, a most delightful spot on the shore of the first Connecticut Lake about three miles from the outlet. Here is a summer hotel that consists of seven or eight cottages, each separate from the other, and yet connected with broad piazzas. The outlook over the lake and the mountains beyond is beautiful. It is one of the quietest spots for rest and comfort in this northern section. The house is well kept, with excellent rooms and a first-class table. One thing that would be gratifying to many is that it has no bar, and no intoxicants can be had about the place. We found the house filled to overflowing with a company of very intellectual and attractive people. It is the purpose of the proprietor, Mr. J. W. Baldwin, to keep such a place that only the better class will care to come, and they to spend not a day, but many of them. It would have been gratifying to us if we could have settled down for a fortnight in such a spot. Methodists seeking rest and pleasure could find it here.

B.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

North Dighton. — The George A. Sisson Junior League was organized May 14. This is the fourth that the pastor has formed during his ministry. There seems to be a curious ratio between the number of charges he has served and the Junior Leagues organized. Grove meetings are held at 5 Sunday afternoons during July and August. They draw large audiences. The people are rallying to the work with true Christian earnestness, and there is a spirit of expectancy for the fall work. The pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow, and family take their vacation at South Tamworth, N. H.

Fairhaven. — The Ladies' Aid Society has just completed extensive repairs and alterations on the parsonage. A shed-roofed ell has been raised, making the old upstairs rooms square, light and airy, also giving place for a thoroughly-equipped bath-room. The dining-room has been enlarged and the conveniences of the kitchen greatly improved. The entire building has recently been shingled, and will receive a coat of paint. Thus enlarged, and with modern improvements, this old colonial house makes one of the finest parsonages on the district. The pastor, Rev. S. E. Ellis, and family are enjoying a vacation at Horse Neck Beach, Westport, Mass.

Cataumet. — Work has been taken up again on the new parsonage. The people are bound not to go in debt. The pastor agrees, but is determined that funds to complete the building shall be raised. Rev. W. D. Woodward is pastor. Mrs. Woodward and children are enjoying a two months' outing in northern Vermont.

Personals. — Rev. R. E. Schuh and family, of Bourne, are at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

Rev. J. N. Patterson and family, of Allen St. Church, New Bedford, are at Squibnocket, Martha's Vineyard.

Rev. T. J. Everett and family will spend the month of August on Yarmouth camp-ground.

L. S.

Norwich District

Hazardville. — Our church at this place was reopened, July 31. The entire property has been put in thorough repair at an expense of $2,400. Water has been introduced into the parsonage, a bath-room made fitted with all modern conveniences, a large new furnace placed in the cellar, and all the buildings repainted. The church has been redecorated, beautiful, light-colored frescoes taking the place of the old darker tints; the pews recushioned; a first-class tapestry carpet laid in the audience-room; mantle burners attached to the gas fixtures, and the interior woodwork repolished. All outside wood and metal work has been repainted. The pastor, Rev. W. S. McIntire, has had no care in the matter. An efficient committee consisting of Edward Pricket, David Gordon, A. D. Bridge, and Clifton D. Pricket have attended to all details. More than enough money is in hand to pay all the bills. Dr. C. W. Gallagher, a former pastor, preached in the morning of reopening day, and letters of congratulation were read from several former pastors. In addition to the extensive repairs on the property, the ladies have added

Summer Comfort

Many of our customers have doubtless seen the famous English "Scandal Chair." Here is a production on similar lines, which is called a Darby and Joan Chair.

It is really a very delightful piece of furniture. The seats are separated by a single thin partition, against which the opposing shoulders may lean, thus bringing the two parties close together for private conversation. To heighten the comfort, there is a serving mantel on each chair and a book shelf on each side.

Each seat is 22 inches deep and 20 inches wide (measurements of great luxury), yet the whole piece takes up less room than a space 2½ feet by 5 feet. We mount it on six stout legs and cushion the back and seat of each chair.

We place a very low price on these Darby and Joan Chairs, expecting a large sale for them. We can supply them in various finishes, including the fashionable green, sealing wax red, ox blood, and royal purple.

Summer Catalogue, 30 pages, mailed on receipt of two 2-cent stamps.

PAINE FURNITURE CO.

RUGS, DRAPERIES and FURNITURE

48 CANAL STREET

much to the comfort of the pastor's family by replenishing the furniture of the parsonage.

Bible Conference. — It has been decided not to hold the Bible Conference this year at Willimantic Camp-ground.

Personal. — Presiding Elder Bates, with his family, is having a short vacation at Hawk's Nest, his island camp in Lake Winnepesaukee. He returns in time to take charge of Willimantic Camp-meeting. Y.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Lewiston District

Wesley Church, Bath. — The quarterly conference, held Aug. 1, appointed the pastor, Rev. J. T. Crosby, with H. A. Duncan, A. A. Morse, E. S. Crosby and Reed Nichols, as building committee to erect a new church edifice in place of the one destroyed July 5. All insurance claims have been allowed and will be promptly paid. Meanwhile the society accepts the hospitality of the Young Men's Christian Association of Bath, holding four services on Sunday and one weekday service in their rooms. The Epworth League tendered their president, Mr. Silas H. Duncan, and his bride a brilliant reception in the church vestries a few days before the fire, presenting them, by the hand of the pastor, with a beautiful bronze clock. Sunday, July 10, at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, the pastor preached to a large congregation from Psa. 137: 5, 6: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," etc., speaking in a most appropriate manner of the Christian's attachment to the church of God and his obligation to the cause of Christ. The house recently purchased by the trustees has been remodeled and repaired until it is virtually a new house, easily worth $3,500. It is already occupied and thoroughly enjoyed by the pastor and his family. Rev. S. T. Westhafer, a former pastor, has spent a few days at Bath. During his stay he favored the people with a sermon upon unconscious influence.

Beacon Street, Bath, prospers under the care of the new pastor, Rev. C. F. Parsons. Congregations are large, even during the heated term; prayer-meetings are spiritual; finances are in a hopeful condition.

Auburn. — The pastor is absent upon a three weeks' visit to the soldiers at Chickamauga. The pulpit is ably supplied during his absence, and services are well sustained.

Bowdoinham. — Repairs and alterations have been made upon the parsonage, until, if not as good as new, it is a cozy, pleasant home.

Falmouth. — The prospect for building a new church edifice has clouded. Nearly $1,700 have been subscribed for that purpose, but a strong sentiment has developed with a few persons for the repairing of the old building instead of the building of a new one. The present structure is eighty-five years old. Because of its extreme age and many infirmities it doubtless ought to be venerated and pitied; but might it not be wise to venerate and superannuate also?

Empire Grove is pretty well populated just now by people who await the coming of the annual camp-meeting, Aug. 15-22. Rev. C. A. Brooks has purchased a cottage of Mr. Coffren. Rev. J. A. Corey, presiding elder, has purchased the cottage formerly owned by Mr. T. E. Edes, of Naples.

JUNIOR.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

West District

Springfield. — From Presiding Elder J. O. Knowles the following characteristic note is received: "Glad to see by the note in the old HERALD that this 'dust' is not dead. I did not correct the mistakes of local papers, and did not expect them to embellish your pages. But let me say: 1. My horse did not get frightened. 2. The same did not run away. 3. Miss Nellie did not jump out. 4. I was not thrown out. 5. I was not hurt. What did happen? Why, the horse I was driving caught rein under his tail and gave us as lively a display of high and rapid kicking as I ever saw. He did not get away. He did kick the beauty out of the buggy top. We sat and took in the show until I got a happy twist on the brute and sent him to grass. Then we emerged from the danger. Certainly we were very fortunate. I am grateful for the many letters of sympathy and regard which came from all parts of the district."

ARMY AND NAVY CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

D. L. MOODY.

I WOULD like to remind those who are interested in the work of the Army and Navy Christian Commission, that the negotiations that are now going on with a view to peace with Spain by no means make the opportunity to reach the soldiers with the Gospel any less imperative in its demands upon the church. The soldiers, both volunteers and regulars, are still together in the camps, with the prospect that many of them will be for months to come. This will probably be the case in this country, and certainly will be in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The sailors in the Navy are still perfectly accessible to the work of the Commission. It seems to me that we shall make a serious mistake if we lose our grip upon this work now; God has given us wonderful access to the hearts of the men, and we must hold right on.

We have sent General Howard to Cuba to arrange for work there, and expect daily to hear from him, asking that workers be sent right on. We have the permission of the War Department to go there, and propose to put in some good men at once.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea and Rev. Dr. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va., are now preaching at General Lee's camp at Jacksonville; Rev. Charles Herald, of Brooklyn, is preaching to the sailors and marines at Key West. Hundreds of them are continually accessible there, and we look for a great work among them. Over twenty of the war vessels have been supplied with good literature, and measures are being taken to reach all the others as rapidly as possible.

And so the work is going right on along all lines. There is no cessation of the intense interest in the camps. Just read this extract from one of the last letters I have had from there: "Last night was one of the grandest we have had yet. I wish you could have looked in upon the scene of the 160th Indiana. It was their last night before leaving for Porto Rico. The large tent wouldn't hold one-half of them, but away back on the hill they stood through it all. At the close, when I asked all to come forward that wanted to accept Christ, there were almost two hundred men came. It was a solemn and blessed scene. Just in front of me stood a young man with a broken and contrite heart. As we closed, he took my hand and said, 'I am a minister's son; am twenty-four years old. I have been plead with many times to take this step, but never have before.'"

One of our delegates reports: "As I came up to the hospital this morning and asked the surgeon if there was anything that I could be allowed to do among the men, he answered me most earnestly: 'Yes! for God's sake go in with this woman who has just arrived and who will find her boy dying — I have not told her.' I passed into the hospital tent, following a lady dressed in black who had just alighted from the carriage which had brought her from the station. She had come from Illinois to nurse her sick soldier boy. As we stood by the cot I told her from the doctor that he was unconscious, and would live but a few minutes. God helped the mother to maintain her composure and to stand with her hand upon the brow of her son as he passed away without opening his eyes to give her a last parting look. After he had breathed his last I told the mother of my visit to the hospital the previous day, and that I had asked her son if he was a Christian, and that with a bright, happy face he had said most earnestly, 'You bet I am,' and pointed to the badge of the Epworth League pinned upon his undershirt. I told her of my prayer with him, and of the comfort I was sure he had in the presence of his Saviour. The mother turned back the sheet from the form of her son, and as she saw the badge still pinned where the nurse at his request had placed it, she bent over her boy with sobs that moved all our hearts; the doctor, nurses, and patients sobbed with her."

I hope that the Christians will continue to pray and give for this work. I believe if we are faithful to God in it that we may see many hundreds more of our soldiers and sailors brought to Christ. I want to say, also, that we have had some money sent us for the purpose of giving the Word of God to the Spaniards. The War Department has given us permission to work among the prisoners at Portsmouth, and we shall send them Spanish Testaments, Scripture portions, etc., at once.

Contributions sent to me at East Northfield, Mass., will be promptly acknowledged.

East Northfield, Mass.

"To Play Priest"

THE statement by Mr. Price Hughes from the chair of Conference on Monday that the gradual exclusion of the laity from the councils of the Anglican Church had a direct bearing on sacerdotalism, and that lay representation was the only antidote to desolating clericalism, may be taken as an antidote to Dr. Rigg's exhortation on Friday to young ministers to jealously guard their ministerial prerogatives. To play priest is the easiest of all ways in which mediocrity can assert itself. No wonder it is so popular. Why make one's estimation in the world depend upon the weary processes of hard work and on the slow results of character when, by the simple process of entering an "order" and securing by a ceremony a mysterious and awe-inspiring prerogative, one may become a "somebody" at a bound? This is the root of priestcraft in all ages. The tendency needs to be carefully watched even in the most sturdy of our Protestant communions. We rejoice, therefore, in the President's timely words, coming, as they do, as a counterblast against the influences working in this direction in his own church. — *Christian World* (London).

What Tommy Said

Uncle John — Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly) — A doctor, like pa.

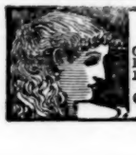
Uncle John (quizzically) — Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homœopath?

Little Tommy — I don't know what them awful big words mean, Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin' to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

Artificial Human Eyes
Andrew J. LLOYD & Co.
323 Washington Street,
Opp. Old South Church, Boston

CHURCH ARCHITECT
THOMAS. W. SILLOWAY
10 Park Square, Boston
Mr. Silloway has built or remodeled over 400 churches and makes remodeling a *specialty*.

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE
Electropoise
L. A. BOSWORTH,
GEN'L AGT. FOR THE NEW ENGLAND STATES
36 BROMFIELD ST. ROOM 30 BOSTON, MASS.


PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

BRING THEM BACK

ZION'S HERALD, Boston, makes mention of a grand poem, written and read by Rev. A. J. Hough, of White River Junction, Vermont, at the recent Epworth League Convention at Burlington. It is entitled "Mantle and Spirit," and some fitting idea of its superiority may be inferred from these expressive closing lines: —

"Bring us back the Amen Corner that has long been frozen out,
For nothing scares the devil like a grand old Methodist shout,
Bring back the faith of the fathers, its spinal column and grip,
In place of the limp, loose wriggler of a Higher-Critic-ship.
Bring back the hot experience, that an angel might rehearse,
For that sigh in the swaddling bands of a little threadbare verse.
Bring back the cross as a refuge from Sinai, lightning scarred.
Conversion through deep conviction, and not through signing a card.
Bring back a full salvation, the flower of perfect love,
Till the church is filled with the fragrance of Paradise above.
Bring back for us, Epworth Leaguers, whatever we have lost,
The might, the joy, the abandon, of fiery Pentecost."

Bro. Hough has hit the nail on the head. What he so earnestly and pathetically asks for is the bringing back of the rock-ribbed, iron-clad, Gospel-steering, soul-saving Methodism of the early days — the Methodism of John Wesley, Francis Asbury, William McKendree, Henry Boehm, Elijah Hedding, Francis Hodgson, John P. Durbin, Henry B. Bascom, Henry Slicer, and other worthies now in heaven; the Methodism of men and women who were not afraid or ashamed of the Amen Corner; whose experience carried conviction to many a sinner's heart; whose conversion was sincere because it was through deep conviction; whose presence in the church seemed like fragrance from Paradise, and whose lives were a benediction, a blessing to others. That was the Methodism of the past! What is it now?

Oh! for "the might, the joy, the abandon, of fiery Pentecost," so eloquently pleaded for by our Vermont brother. What might not Methodism then be? — *Pennsylvania Methodist.*

Mallalieu Seminary of Alabama

THE *Religious Herald* (Congregational) of Hartford, Conn., states that at the Bloomfield Congregational Church an instructive and interesting sermon was preached, Sunday morning, July 17, by Rev. Wm. R. Webster, financial agent for the Mallalieu Seminary at Kinsey, Ala. "Without dwelling at length upon the needs of the particular institution which he represents, Mr. Webster made very clear the duty that the citizens of this country owe to their less favored fellow citizens. The poor whites of the South, who were never slave owners, but who were ruined by slavery, have a claim upon us. Our way of meeting that claim is to put the means of intellectual and industrial training within their reach. What Tuskegee is doing for the Negro, Mallalieu is trying to do for the whites."

A good collection was taken up at the close of the sermon. Prof. Booker T. Washington, the principal of Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute, Alabama, heartily endorses the work at Mallalieu Seminary and its representative, Rev. W. R. Webster, who will spend August and September in New England. His services may be secured as pulpit supply, or to present the cause of Southern education. Mr. Webster's address is 33 Waverly St., Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.

The immediate pressing needs of Mallalieu Seminary are: more land (fifty acres); an Industrial College building where the trades of printing, carpentry, blacksmithing, cooperage, and the other industries of the South can be taught; another dormitory building for the numerous applicants who are anxious to enter. It is proposed that this building shall be named "The Hobson-Merrimac Hall." Subscriptions may be sent to the financial secretary.

HOME MISSION NOTES

— A new two-page leaflet, entitled "A Call to Serve," has just been issued by the Woman's Home Missionary Society, which not only calls for recruits in the service of the King, but sets forth the need of drill to insure effective service and the way to secure it. It should be widely distributed in Epworth League conventions and camp-meetings. Send four cents postage for 100 to Miss Van Marter, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

— The Jesse Lee Memorial Home, under the care of the Woman's Home Missionary Society at Unalaska, Alaska, maintains stated Gospel services which are largely attended. Officers of vessels in port are almost invariably present, and assist in the music as well as by their presence. As this is the only Christian service held in the place, it attracts many tourists and temporary residents, and is, indeed, a light shining in a dark place.

The little Alaskans for whom we labor in the Jesse Lee Home are bright and quick, and we look forward to a not distant day when native Christian workers, educated in this Home, will be ready to carry the Gospel to their own people. At a recent entertainment held in the chapel of the Home the children sang their sweet songs, recited Bible verses and Psalms, and so well entertained the audience that a collection of over $67 was the result.

— The Concert Study for August among the auxiliaries of the W. H. M. S. is on the "Bureau for Texas." This great State has within its bounds nearly a million of colored people. The one Home thus far established by the W. H. M. S. for colored girls in this State is at Marshall, Texas. Within a radius of one hundred miles of the place 250,000 colored people are living. For helps in the study of this lesson the W. H. M. S., at 150 Fifth Ave., New York, will send leaflets, "King Home," "Light in the Cabins," and "Student Aid: Some of its Results," for two cents postage.

— Rev. J. L. Burchard, missionary to the Indians in California, in part supported by the W. H. M. S., reports that during a single month 120 persons sought religious instruction at the Mission. He has 64 church members (Indians), and a Sunday-school which numbers 180. His influence over the red men is remarkable. He is not only their teacher in spiritual things, but in material as well, and such confidence do the Indians place in him that his word is law to them.

The work that Mr. Burchard has done in promoting temperance among the several tribes under his care is a large one. Perhaps the secret of his success among them is unconsciously revealed in the following extract from a letter to a friend. He says: "There are two classes of preachers. One class preach and work all the time to create a sentiment — to make the people know. I work to get people to *do* what they already *know* — to do something every day for Jesus and the race."

— The Woman's Home Missionary Society, through its corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. L. Rust, calls attention to the probable providential opening of new fields for cultivation by the Society at an early day. Says Mrs. Rust: "Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippine Islands may, one or more of them, come under our flag at an early date and appeal by their needs for educational, industrial, and moral teaching. In that case the opening of our work by the establishment of Industrial and Deaconess Homes and the employment of trained workers would be imperative." Will not every motive of patriotism inspire the women of our church who have not yet joined this grand organization to come forward at this time and volunteer to give one dollar a year for this object?

— An appeal comes for books for the library of the Lucy Webb Hayes Training School for missionaries and deaconesses at Washington, D. C. Pupils and professors join in this appeal. Reference books for the classes in Bible training, church history, social science, nurse training and general literature are solicited. Alumnæ and friends of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College for Women, where Mrs. Hayes graduated, are requested to send one or more books each, to be placed in the alcove that will bear the name of the college. Contributions may be sent by mail or express to the Training School, 1140 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

The only daily line to the Adirondacks is via the Fitchburg Railroad. Call at 260 Washington St., Boston, for full information.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA:	
Biblical Institute,	Aug. 8-13
Assembly,	Aug. 13-20
West Dudley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 5-15
Richmond Camp-meeting, Rev. I. T. Johnson in charge,	Aug. 5-15
YARMOUTH CAMP-GROUND:	
Camp-meeting,	Aug. 8-15
Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 8-15
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-21
Weirs Camp-meeting,	August 15-20
New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville,	Aug. 15-20
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 15-22
Penobscot Valley Camp-meeting at Mattawamkeag, Me.,	Aug. 18-28
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-27
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22 28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-28
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Claremont Junc. Union Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Rockland Dist. Camp-meeting at Noblesboro, Me.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Kearsarge Camp-meeting at Wilmot, N. H.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Allen Camp-meeting at Strong, Me.,	Aug. 29-Sept. 4

MARRIAGES

EVANS — SYMONDS — In East Lempster, N. H., Aug. 4, by Rev. W. A. Hudson, George A. Evans and Lilian M. Symonds, both of Acworth, N. H.

JORDAN — SWEETSIR — At Bowery Beach, Aug. 4, by Rev. J. A. Ford, Edward F. Jordan and Ethel E. Sweetsir, both of Cape Elizabeth.

NORWICH DISTRICT. — The annual meeting of the district stewards will be held at 1 p. m., Friday, Aug. 26, at Willimantic camp-ground. Per order of G. H. Bates, president.

E. D. NEWBURY, Sec.

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

For health or recreation. The appointments of a first-class Hotel. Elevator, bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites with Baths, Massage, Electricity, all baths and health appliances. Turkish, Russian and Natural Sulphur Water baths. The Nauheim Treatment. Adirondack Air, SARATOGA waters, Bicycle paths, Tournaments, Entertainments, etc. Send for illustrated circular.

OBITUARIES

What could our love have done? We tried
To hold her fast; cried
To the tender Hand
That we might understand
The right way, day by day —
That she might stay.

What could our love have tried?
What secret, mystified,
Could we have found for her dear sake?
Hearts break:
Light dies; Life's tenderest breath
Grows cold upon her lips, but death
Chose her for love's sweet sake;
Not by mistake.

Perhaps if we could see
Where she dreams now of you and me,
Look once upon her face,
We might be glad such grace
Was shown our Glorified —
Be satisfied.

— *George Klingle.*

Bartlett. — Rev. Willard B. Bartlett was born in Gorham, Me., May 26, 1817, and died in Mechanic Falls, Me., July 3, 1898, aged 81 years.

Mr. Bartlett was a choice young man. He lived a moral life. He believed in God and in the Christian religion. He seemed to entertain the belief that faith in God and morality were all that would be required to secure the salvation of his soul. In 1831 his spiritual eyes were opened. He saw the need of an application of the blood of Christ to his heart. He sought and found the Saviour. He became a faithful, devoted, wide-awake Christian. Shortly after his conversion he became a member of the Free Baptist Church and remained there until 1858, when he transferred his membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, offered himself to the Maine Conference, and was received on trial. In due time he was ordained and received in full.

Mr. Bartlett served the following churches: Fairfield, Monmouth, Wayne, South Paris, Saccarappa, South Berwick, Livermore Falls, Kennebunkport, Mechanic Falls, Kennebunk Depot, Cornish, North Auburn, Salem and Oxford. He did excellent work on all his charges, was a faithful pastor, a good preacher, a sweet singer, a pleasant man to meet and converse with. He believed in and enjoyed the old-time religion. He inquired for, and walked in, the old paths. He proclaimed a free and full salvation. He walked and talked with God.

Mr. Bartlett spent the last years of his life at Mechanic Falls, where he had a host of friends and no enemies. A few days before his departure his pastor said to him, "We hold a social meeting this evening. What message do you send the brethren?" He replied: "Tell them all there is of me, save this old body, is with them." Sunday morning, July 3, as the church bell was ringing, his soul escaped the body that had held it eighty-one years, and went up to heaven. While his pastor and his brethren were singing the dear old hymns he had loved so well, he was singing his first anthem of praise before the throne, and there received a warm welcome from his Saviour.

He leaves a wife, two daughters, and many friends. G. B. HANNAFORD.

Groff. — James Groff was born in Newport, R. I., May 28, 1822, and died in the same city, July 3, 1898.

Mr. Groff was converted in the memorable revival of 1842, under the labors of Rev. Joel Knight. A few years later he united with the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Newport, and held his relation there till the time of his death. He was a successful business man and believed in carrying on his business according to the principle of righteousness. The last years of his life he suffered much from a stroke of paralysis. At times during this period despondency rested upon him, but he emerged from it and with much tenderness expressed a hope in Christ and looked forward to the time when he should have everlasting rest in Him. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

J. H. ALLEN.

Wood. — Charles Melvin Wood, son of David and Alfreda Lackey Wood, of Sheffield, Vt., died in Charlestown, Mass., April 21, 1898, in his 27th year.

Mr. Wood was a man of unblemished Christian character and beloved by all. He was a student in the School of Medicine of Boston University, and had a bright prospect before him. He had laid a broad foundation as a preparation for his chosen pursuit. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Epworth League. He had enrolled his name on the roster of the Students' Volunteer Movement and was one of the delegates to the 3d International Convention of that body.

Mr. Wood died of pleurisy, after a few days' illness. His death is not only keenly felt by his relatives and friends at Sheffield, but also by his classmates.

Funeral services were held at Sheffield, April 24, conducted by Rev. C. G. Gorse, assisted by Prof. Ranger, principal of the State Normal School at Johnson, and Rev. J. C. Harmon, of the Free Baptist Church of Sheffield. C. G. GORSE.

Child. — Mrs. Elizabeth Child died in Buxton, Maine, June 30, 1898, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Child was the daughter of Martin and Patience Jose, of Goodwin's Mills, Maine. She was converted early in life and joined the M. E. Church, where she remained a faithful and consistent member until death removed her to the church triumphant. She leaves a kind husband and many friends to mourn their loss — but their loss is her gain. D. PRATT.

Flagg. — Timothy E. Flagg, who was born in Hollis, N. H., a little more than 74 years ago, and who lived on the same farm during his entire life, died, in hope of a better life, June 7, 1898.

Mr. Flagg was converted during the pastorate of Rev. John R. Cushing, in East Pepperell, about 1876, and united with that church, remaining a worthy member until his translation. Always living in the town of Hollis, much nearer the Congregational Church in that town than the M. E. Church in East Pepperell, he attended the Hollis church the greater part of the time except on communion Sundays, and was generous in helping support the two churches. But he was ever a real Methodist, thoroughly in sympathy with Methodist usages and in love with Methodist doctrines.

When age and failing strength required release from active duties, Mr. Flagg was resigned to the will of God, and when the last hour came he was ready to depart and be with Christ.

He is missed in the town where he spent so long a life; in the two churches where he was so well known and highly esteemed; and especially by the wife and two daughters who remain to mourn the loss which they sustain. His end was peace.

C. H. HANAFORD.

Perry. — Joseph Sawyer Perry, who was born at West Boylston, Mass., April 25, 1806, and died at Wilton, Me., June 8, 1898, was the son of devoted and loyal Methodists who were subscribers to the HERALD from its first number, the paper having been welcomed to the family circle ever since.

In 1809 his parents left Massachusetts and settled in Temple, Me. In 1812 the family moved to Wilton. At the age of eighteen he joined the Methodist Church, with which he was honorably identified for over seventy years. For more than thirty years he was leader of the class at Temple, cheerfully devoting his strength, time and money to the support of the cause and encouraging the hearts of the pastors by his uniform kindness and fidelity, as Rev. A. S. Ladd, presiding elder of this district, who once labored on the charge, testifies.

In 1833 Mr. Sawyer married Mary Eaton, of Farmington, Me., whose devoted and helpful companionship he was permitted to enjoy for sixty-five years, and who with a daughter, Mrs. Russell, of Wilton, survives to mourn her loss and cherish his memory. Few have lived so long a life to nobler purpose. H. HEWITT.

Colcord. — Mrs. Lizzie E. Colcord, daughter of George W. and Louise G. Bacon, was born in Springfield, Mass., Nov. 13, 1850, and died at Searsport, Me., July 24, 1898.

While very young her parents moved to Bridgeport, Conn., where while yet a child she was converted under the labors of Rev. Nathaniel Mead, and in due time was enrolled a member of Washington Park M. E. Church. Possessing rare gifts, especially along musical lines, she at once became a leader of the younger members of the church, and was as well very active in all departments of church work. Her gift of song made her a power in social services and Sunday-school work, while in the regular work of the church she had few superiors. She was educated at Wilbraham, graduating from that institution in the class of '70. While a student in that place she endeared herself to her schoolmates by her thorough and earnest Christian life.

After her graduation she was for one year at the head of the Musical Department of East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport, Me. While filling that position with marked acceptability, she formed the acquaintance of Capt. Charles A. Colcord, of Searsport, Me., and their marriage was the result. For several years she accompanied her husband on his long voyages, and with him visited many of the important ports of the world, but of late she had been living in her beautiful home in Searsport.

June 21, 1891, she joined, by letter, the M. E. Church in Searsport. She at once became deeply interested in the work of that society, and was a great help to them up to the very last. She believed in paying as the Lord prospered, consequently she was ready with her means to help every worthy cause. In her death the church loses a very valuable member. The day she died she with her husband attended church and Sabbath-school, and was preparing for the evening service when the summons came for her. Although it came suddenly, it found her ready.

Her husband, aged father, and two sisters survive her, and have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in these their hours of sorrow. "It's with the righteous well."

H. W. N.

Pinkham. — Mrs. Amy Pinkham was born Sept. 4, 1794, and died June 28, 1898, aged 103 years and 10 months.

In the death of Mrs. Pinkham, Boothbay, Me., loses its oldest inhabitant, and the Methodist Episcopal Church its oldest member. Mrs. Pinkham has lived for a number of years with her son, Wesley Pinkham, at whose home she died. Had she lived a few days over two months more, she would have been 104 years of age. This prompts us to make some reflections. She was born early enough in the last century to have spent a year and a half in the first house in the land with George Washington. As a babe she might have listened to his voice while he read his immortal Farewell Address. She was five years of age when he died. She was born in the same year that the famous leader of the French Revolution, Robespierre, perished. In this same year Gen. Wayne achieved his famous victory over the red men in Ohio and secured to the U. S. Government all the territory east of the Great Miami River. This year also saw the first minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church stationed in the "Province of Maine." John Wesley had been dead but three years when she was born. She was a girl of six years of age when the government was moved to Washington, and a young woman of twenty-six when the State of Maine was admitted into the Union. The cotton gin which revolutionized the cotton industry of the South was invented but one year before her birth. She may have heard discussed the *pro* and *con* of Eli Whitney's claim to all rights and privileges therein invested. She was ten years old when Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr. She was thirteen years old when Longfellow was born, and thirteen years old when the first steamer puffed up the Hudson with Fulton's fame in its infancy and the germ of our magnificent steamboat service. She was fifteen years old when Abraham Lincoln was born, and thirty-three years old before she could travel on any railroad in this country. She could not have had her picture taken with a camera until she was eight years of age, and she was forty-three years old before she could

TEN YEARS AGONY FROM ECZEMA

CURED BY CUTICURA

For ten years I suffered untold agonies from Eczema, my lower limbs being so swollen and broken out that I could hardly go about. My brother, a physician of thirty years' practice, and other physicians of splendid ability, tried in vain to effect a cure and signally failed. I became absolutely disheartened, and had lost all hope, when a friend induced me to give CUTICURA REMEDIES a trial. I used two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and two boxes of CUTICURA (ointment), and it resulted in an *absolute and permanent cure.*

DAVID M. SAPP, Plymouth, Ill.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT FOR ALL SKIN AND BLOOD HUMORS, WITH LOSS OF HAIR. — Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Eczema," free.

have sent a telegram to a friend. These are a few of the reflections that thrust themselves across our mind as we stand by her lifeless form.

Mrs. Pinkham was a woman of marked vitality. She was an intelligent woman. She was a woman of deep religious convictions and of a long religious life. She was consciously converted to God at the age of five years. She had lived a consistent religious life for nearly ninety-eight years. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty-eight years, and a regular and much-interested reader of ZION'S HERALD for over half a century.

Mrs. Pinkham leaves behind 8 children (two have passed on before), 22 grandchildren, 35 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-great-grandchildren — 68 living descendants! She was a woman of exceptionally excellent disposition, a precious mother, a beloved friend. The funeral service was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, among whom was a half-brother over eighty years of age, and Rev. T. P. Baker of North Conway. Rev. B. S. Fifield was present and assisted in the services.

WM. WOOD.

FOR SALE OR RENT

House of 15 rooms with barn, near Wesleyan Academy; town pays tuition for residents. Terms easy. Address, Rev. F. M. MILLER, Wilbraham, Mass.

COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS

Equal privileges for Men and Women. Allowance for service in Hospital and Dispensary. Nineteenth year opens Sept. 20.

AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE, A. M., M. D., Dean, 517 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Send for Catalog.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Bridgewater, Mass.

Regular and special courses for preparation of teachers. Entrance examination Sept. 6 nd 7. For circulars address
ALBERT G. BOYDEN, Principal.

Boston, 9 Ashburton Place.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY Law School.

Fall term opens Wednesday, Oct. 5. For circulars address the Acting Dean,
SAMUEL C. BENNETT.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY School of Theology.

Free rooms and free instruction in the heart of Boston. Opens Sept. 21. Address the Dean, M. D. Buell, 12 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Young Women's Christian Association
SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

Courses for teachers, matrons, home-makers, city missionaries, pastor's assistants, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, etc. Eleventh year. Address for circulars, School of Domestic Science and Christian Work, 52 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. (B. Y. W. C. A.)

The Woman's College of Baltimore

offers earnest, well prepared young women facilities for obtaining a college education under the direction of specialists, with abundant laboratory appliances and modern methods. Climate mild, surroundings cheerful. Total yearly expense, three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Programs mailed on application.
JOHN F. GOUCHER, Pres., Baltimore, Md.

University of Maine
SCHOOL OF LAW Bangor, Me. Opens Oct. 5, 1898. Tuition, $60 Total expenses, including board, $230. For circulars address President A. W. HARRIS.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

EDUCATIONAL

Wesleyan Academy
Wilbraham, Mass.

Applications now received for Fall term, which opens Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1898.

Rev. WM. R. NEWHALL, Principal.

Drew Theological Seminary

Tuition and Furnished Rooms free. Lectures on Special Topics every term. Particular attention given to Sacred Oratory. Fall term begins third Thursday in September. For information address the President,
HENRY A. BUTTS, Madison, N. J.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FRAMINGHAM, MASS

Entrance examinations September 6 and 7. For circulars address
MR. HENRY WHITTEMORE, Principal.

DUMMER ACADEMY

Massachusetts, South Byfield. Founded 1763. Prepares for Scientific Schools, Colleges or Business. Individual instruction. Location beautiful and healthy. New catalogue just out.
PERLEY L. HORNE, A. M.

Rhode Island, East Greenwich.
East Greenwich Academy

Founded 1802. Both sexes. On Narragansett Bay. Cottages. Electric light. Elegant new dining hall. Endowed. Twelve courses. September 12. Illustrated Catalogue.
F. D. BLAKESLEE, D. D., Principal.

East Maine Seminary
Bucksport, Me.

Rev. J. Frank Haley, A. M., President.
Expenses low. Send for catalog.
Fall term begins Aug. 29.

THE
Portland School for Girls
(Successor to the Bellows School).
163 Danforth St., Portland, Me.
Will open September 21, 1898.
Principals { CAROLINE M. CRISFIELD, AGNES LOWELL.

New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College
Tilton, N. H.

Fall term opens Sept. 6, 1898. College preparatory, Courses in Music, Art, and Commercial studies. Twelve teachers. Resident nurse. Steam heat. Electric lights.
Send for a Catalogue to the President,
GEO. L. PLIMPTON.

THE
Fisk Teachers' Agencies
(Incorporated.)
EVERETT O. FISK & CO.,
Proprietors.

4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
1242 12th St., Washington, D. C.
25 King St., West, Toronto, Can
378 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
414 Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
730 Cooper Building, Denver, Colo.
825 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
525 Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

Send to any of the above agencies for Agency Manual, free. Correspondence with employers is invited. Registration forms sent to teachers on application.

Large numbers of school officers from all sections of the country, including more than ninety per cent. of the Public School superintendents of New England, have applied to us for teachers.

We have filled positions at salaries aggregating
$7,613,896.00.

Methodist Book Concern
EATON & MAINS, Agents

Songs that you can sing
— FOR —
CAMP MEETINGS and SOCIAL SERVICES.

The Chorus of Praise
By J. M. BLACK.

Songs for Young People
By E. O. EXCELL.

Songs of the Soul
By J. M. BLACK.

Sacred Songs
By SANKEY and others.

Finest of the Wheat
By MCCABE.

These are some of the best and latest Books.

Prices from $10 to $30 per hundred.

Samples and prices of any Book on application to

New England Depository
Chas. R. Magee, Manager
38 Bromfield St., Boston

EDUCATIONAL

Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College
Kent's Hill, Me.
Fall term opens August 30.

Send for Catalogue.
Rev. A. F. CHASE, Ph. D., President.

MASSACHUSETTS, Auburndale (10 miles from Boston).
Lasell Seminary for Young Women

Suggests to parents seeking a good school consideration of the following points in its methods: —

1. Its special care of health.

Resident nurse supervising work, diet and exercise; *abundant food* in *good variety* and *well cooked*; early and long sleep; a fine gymnasium furnished by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard; bowling alley and swimming-bath; no regular or foreknown examinations etc.

2. Its broadly planned course of study.

Boston proximity both necessitates and helps to furnish the best of teachers, including many specialists; with one hundred and twenty pupils, a faculty of thirty. Four years' course; *in some things equal to college work; in others, planned rather for home and womanly life.* Two studies required, and two to be chosen from a list of eight or ten electives. One preparatory year. Special students admitted if eighteen years or over, or graduates of High Schools.

3. Its home-like air and character.

Training in self-government; limited number (many declined every fall for lack of room); personal oversight in habits, manners, care of person, room.

4. Its handiwork and other unusual departments.

Pioneer school in scientific teaching of Cooking, Millinery, Dress-making, Business Law for Women, Home Sanitation, Swimming.

Regular expense for school year, $500. For illustrated catalogue address (mentioning ZION'S HERALD),
C. C. BRAGDON, Principal.

CHURCH CARPETS AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO., CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY. 658 WASHINGTON ST., OPP. BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Wednesday, August 4

— General Merritt asks for 50,000 men at Manila.

— The hospital ship Solace sails south; report that the St. Paul and St. Louis will be returned to their owners, and that the Harvard and Yale will be used as army transports.

— Gen. Otis arrived at Honolulu with the transports Peru and City of Puebla, July 23.

— The Astor battery landed at Manila.

— Gen. Schwann with part of his brigade reaches Ponce; Gen. Miles' army continues its bloodless conquest.

— The Navy Department decides to purchase a million pounds of smokeless powder.

— Thirteen carloads of portable houses on their way to Porto Rico for storing army provisions; twenty-nine Red Cross nurses leave for Chickamauga and Tampa.

— Great wheat crop in North Dakota and in Minnesota.

— Hon. T. B. Reed unanimously renominated for Congress.

— Mail communication established with Porto Rico.

Thursday, August 4

— The hospital ship Relief sails from New York for Porto Rico with supplies.

— The troops at Camp Alger being transferred to Manassas on account of typhoid fever.

— Great combination of distillers organized at Cincinnati to control the output of distilled liquors in the United States.

— Steamer Manauense arrives at Victoria with $2,000,000 in gold and 260 miners from the Klondike.

— Terrific thunder storm in Philadelphia; in two hours 5.39 inches of rain fell.

— Gomez defeats Spaniards and captures Gibora.

— The Texas is placed in the dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard; immense crowds visit her.

— The Interstate Commerce Commission discusses the Canadian Pacific cut rate question, at Chicago.

— Funeral services held at Berlin in honor of Bismarck; the national services have been postponed until the mausoleum at Schloss is completed.

— Six warehouses with their contents burned at Dayton, Washington.

— The estimate for the year's crops is: wheat 700,000,000 bushels, corn 1,825,000,000 bushels, oats 725,000,000.

Friday, August 5

— Gen. Brooke's landing at Arroyo, Porto Rico, covered by the guns of the Cincinnati and St. Louis.

— The troops at Santiago embarking for Montauk Point, Long Island, N. Y. The immune regiments to guard Santiago.

— The Badger, commanded by Captain Snow of Rockland, Me., captures three Spanish vessels off Neuvitas, Cuba, with 400 Spanish soldiers on board.

— The transports Hudson, Leona and Rio Grande sail from Newport News for Porto Rico with troops.

— The Red Cross schooner Mary E. Morse arrives at Santiago with a cargo of ice from the Kennebec.

— Lightning struck the camp of the 1st Engineers at Peekskill, shocking 100 men and severely injuring several officers.

— Trouble in the Massachusetts Sixth at Porto Rico; the colonel and several other officers resign.

— Admiral Cervera and his son go to Norfolk to visit the former captain of the Maria Teresa.

— The Navy Department takes steps to establish a coaling station at Pago Pago in the Samoan Islands.

— Sixty convalescing yellow fever patients arrive at Tampa; they will be sent to New York.

— The closing of the woolen mills at Vassalboro, Me., throws 600 men out of employment.

— Strike in the mills of the wire trust on account of reduction of wages.

Saturday, August 6

— Cape San Juan, Porto Rico, thirty miles east of the city of that name, taken by the Navy.

— Report that Gen. Macias, Governor-General of Porto Rico, has been ordered to surrender by the Madrid authorities.

— Fifty tons of medical supplies despatched to Porto Rico on the yacht May; Celtic arrives at New York from Guantanamo; Obdam arrives at Hampton Roads from Ponce.

— Report that Sampson, and not Watson, will command the Eastern Squadron should it be sent abroad.

— Captain Clark of the Oregon ordered home because of ill health. He is the fourth commanding officer in the fleet to break down under the strain.

— Gen. Wood fixes the price of provisions in Santiago; Francis Murphy appointed Chaplain of the 5th Pennsylvania; Maude Ballington Booth sails for Europe on the Lucania.

— The patrons of the hotel at Long Beach present a sword to Naval Constructor Hobson of the Merrimac.

— Campos, formerly Captain-General of Cuba, says it would be madness for Spain to reject our terms of peace.

— The American National Boys' Fund, which aims at $3,000,000, to build a new man-of-war to replace the "Maine," now amounts to $35,000.

Monday, August 8

— Report that the Spanish Government has accepted the conditions of peace, and that an answer is on its way to Washington.

— Gen. Miles reports the capture of Guayama, Porto Rico, by Gen. Hains' brigade.

— American troops coming home from Santiago; the Gate City, Miami and Matteawan reported sailed for Montauk.

— The Spanish merchant steamer Alicante arrives at Santiago to take Spanish prisoners to Spain; other steamers expected soon.

— The Secretary of War instructs Gen. Miles to accept resignations of certain officers of the Sixth Massachusetts.

— Camp McCalla, at Guantanamo, abandoned; the marines now on board the Resolute.

— The commandant at Cardenas has informed the Americans that the city will offer no resistance.

— The Maria Teresa is once more afloat; she will soon proceed to Norfolk under her own steam.

— The English fleet is on a war footing; England prepared to sustain Lord Salisbury in his opposition to Russia.

— The Empress Eugenie is said to be seriously ill.

— The hospital ship Bay State sailed on Saturday.

Tuesday, August 9

— Gen. Miles advancing toward San Juan; battalion of cavalry reaches Montauk; Spanish prisoners being embarked at Santiago for Spain on the Alicante.

— Spain's reply in the hands of M. Cambon; it is said to be very long, and it is feared that it may not be satisfactory.

— Gen. Shafter denies responsibility for lack of provision for sick and wounded soldiers.

— Three men killed and four badly injured in a railroad accident at Canton Junction, on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

— Disastrous fire in the business portion of Bismarck, N. D.; loss of $12 000 by fire at Fairfield, Maine.

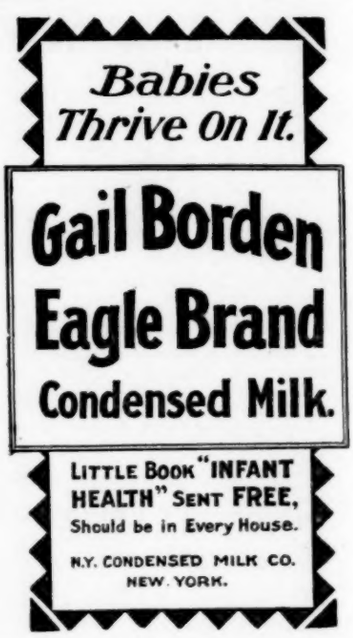
— Death of Georg M. Ebers, Egyptologist and novelist; he was born in Berlin 61 years ago.

— Expedition returns from exploring coast of Labrador without finding either gold or timber.

— Electrolytic Marine Salts Company to hold a regular meeting, Aug. 19; whereabouts of Jernegan and Fisher still unknown; it is hoped the company may pay 30 per cent.

Lake Chautauqua via the Fitchburg and Erie Railroads is a popular combination. Rate for the round trip from Boston only $14 20.

One of our most thoughtful ministers in the New England Conference, taking us to task because we do not more unequivocally advocate the retention of the Philippines, expresses his views in these vigorous lines: "I hate war. But we were forced into it in the East. When Dewey's guns smashed the Spanish fleet, they took Spanish authority down in the wreck, and it left us in charge. We have no choice in the matter, and will be guilty before the high court of mankind if we do not meet that responsibility. It is a great thing to assume, but it has to be done, and we are the people to do it. We are doing more missionary work and pouring more enlightenment into Spain than ordinarily would result from five hundred years of effort. Capt. Philip spoke the truth when he said, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty.' We are making history mighty fast in these days, and I wish I had fifty years of life before me to see what the outcome will be."



WANTED

A situation by a married woman, with a child seventeen months old. Wages not so much an object as a good home. References exchanged.
Address, B. J., Wayland, Mass.

7½% Net

On Five Year First Mortgage Loans
secured upon improved farms in
RED RIVER VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA.
I loan only to actual farmers upon lands that I have personally examined. Have been loaning here since 1883.
Write for descriptive applications.
I will buy or collect mortgages negotiated by Companies now out of business.
References furnished from among my clients in YOUR State.
J. H. McCULLOUGH, Atty.,
Milton, N. Dakota.